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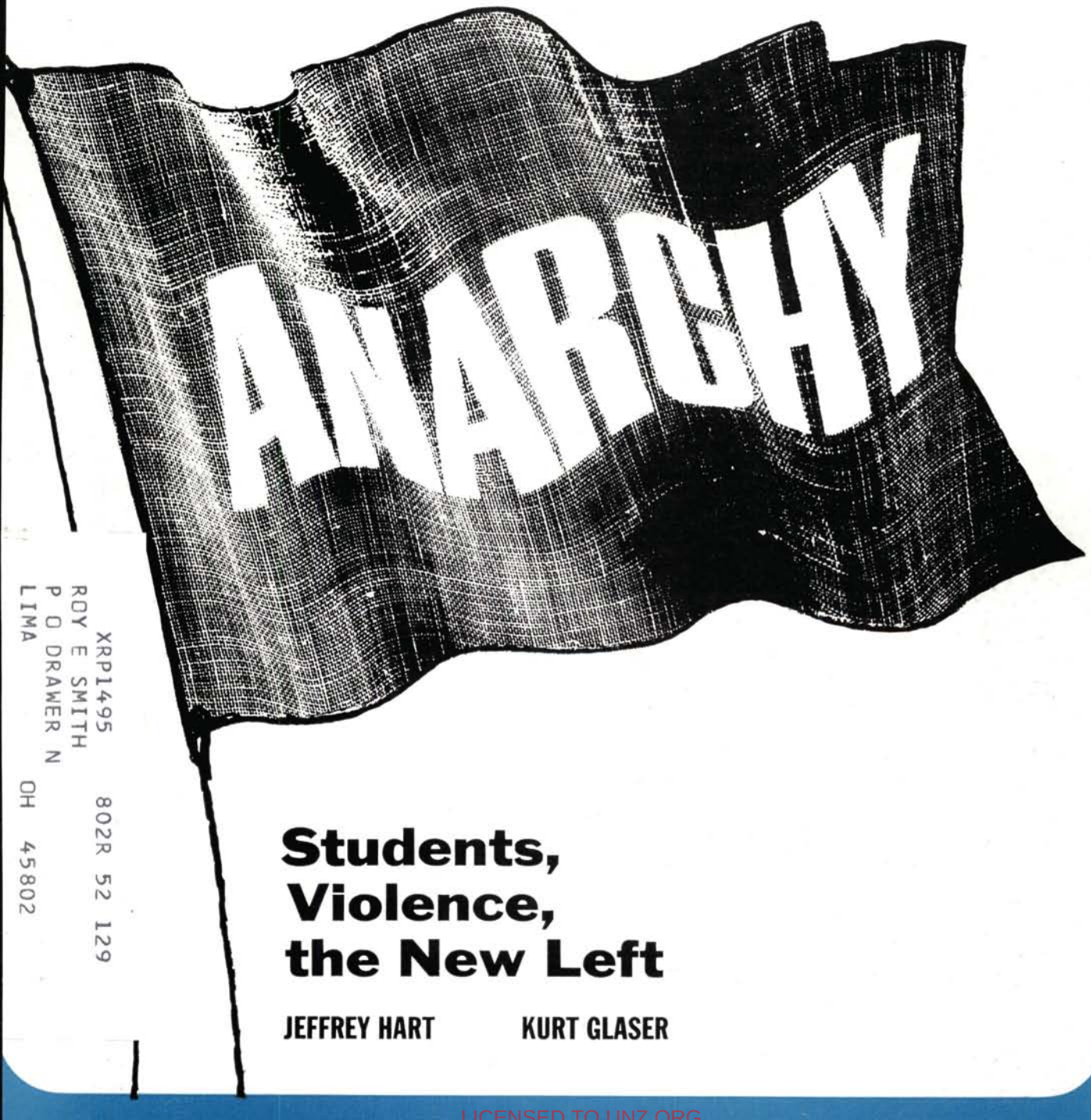
JULY 2, 1968

Will Herberg on Political Assassination

NATIONAL REVIEW



Students, Violence, the New Left

JEFFREY HART KURT GLASER

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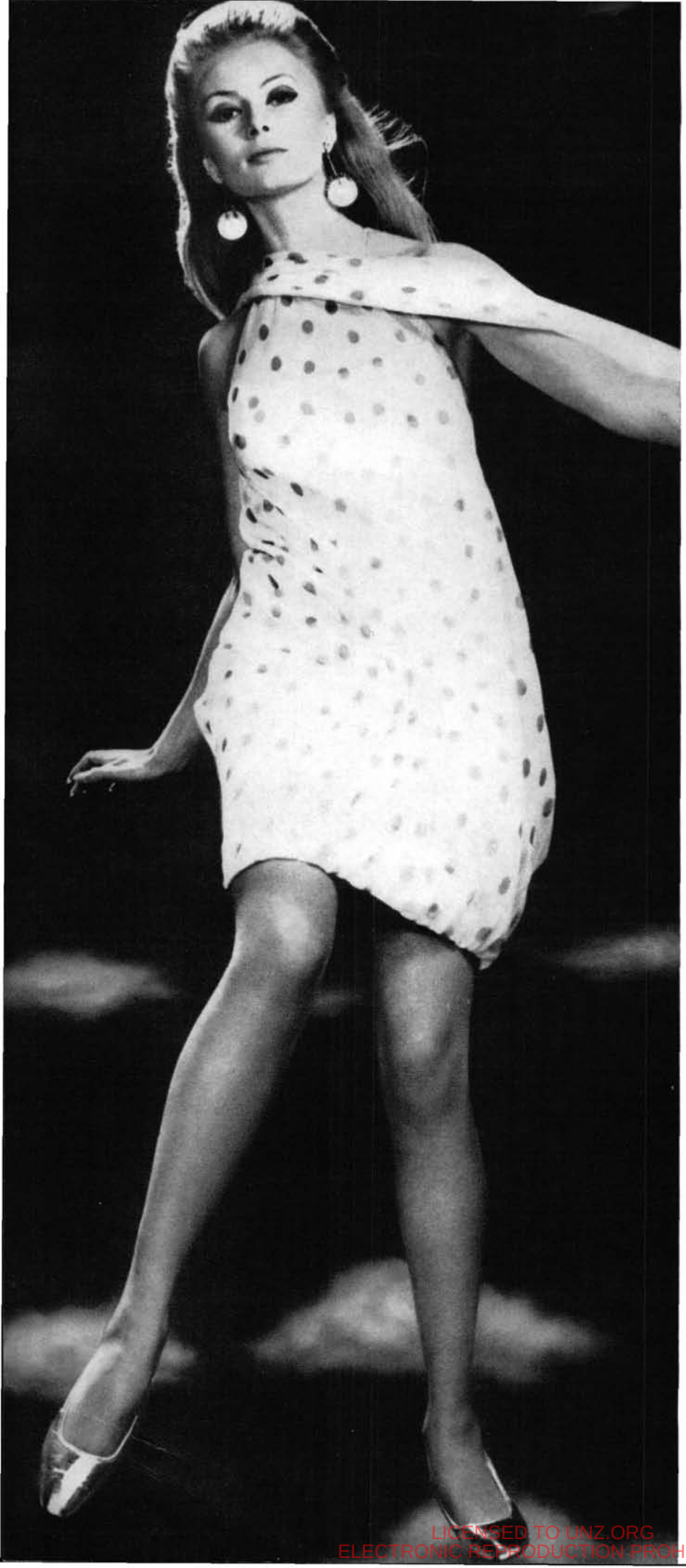

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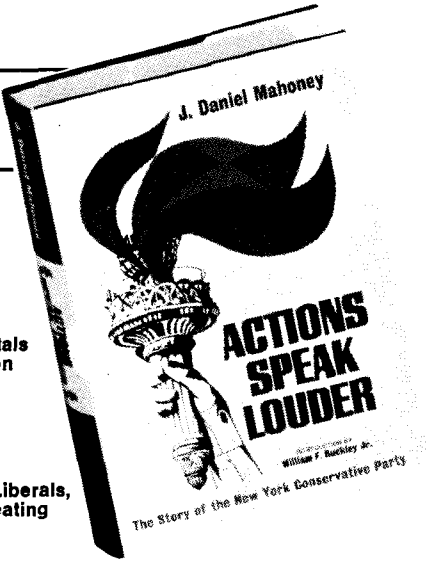

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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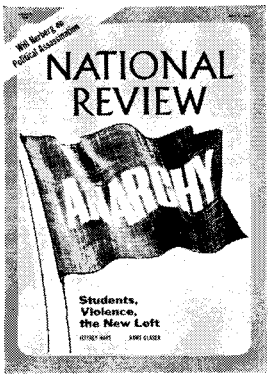
IN THIS ISSUE

■ We bear down on a problem that is on everybody's mind—the existence of revolutionary violence. **Jeffrey Hart** focuses on the three main theaters of revolutionary zeal: the racial question, the war in Vietnam, the campus. The zealots will not stop at violence in their bid for power, and the society that survives must not flinch at bringing total power to bear on the revolutionaries. . . . As might be expected, any loosely organized global movement will have an intellectual core. For campus rioters, in Berkeley or Berlin, the core is a Berlin-born Berkeley professor named Herbert Marcuse, whose works are an action manifesto for street brawlers. **Kurt Glaser,** social scientist at Southern Illinois University, takes Marcuse on. . . . The most spectacular form of violence is assassination. **Will Herberg** notes that there are two main varieties, the "frontier" type (lynch law) and the "European" type (ideology). The outlook, as he sees it, is little cause for cheer. . . . In the midst of societal ruckus it would be dangerous folly, says **Frank S. Meyer,** to pass a law infringing the right of the citizens to bear arms. See Article II of the Bill of Rights. . . . **James Burnham** offers the second of a three-part series on the New Left and Old. What is the difference, in practice? . . . On the eve of the election in France, **Anthony Lejeune** gives a rundown on European politics. . . . And **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** turns up in Delectations, having just completed a tour of the Aegean Islands. By sail, of course.



■ **William A. Rusher** likes the new book by M. Stanton Evans on the future of the GOP and conservatism. Author and reviewer, not surprisingly, agree that the future of the GOP *is* conservatism. Mr. Rusher, a brand new author himself, is taking his *Special Counsel* on a shakedown cruise around the country. Tax deductible. . . . Trevor-Roper's latest historical work does a good job debunking certain pet dogmas of the determinists whether sired by Calvin or Marx. **Brenton H. Smith,** Associate Professor of History at Miami University (Ohio), handles the review. . . . The second volume of Bertrand Russell's autobiography is, says **Peter P. Witonski,** a step down from the first, but nonetheless interesting, mainly because Lord Russell is such an oddball. Mr. Witonski has been studying history at Oxford these last couple of years. . . . **E. H. Wall** is a logician, philosopher, historian, teacher. Here he discusses a book that issued from a symposium held last year on questions troubling the Catholic Church. He finds the work splendid, and especially appreciates the contributions of the editor of *Triumph* (and former editor of NATIONAL REVIEW), L. Brent Bozell. . . . **Richard Corliss** is presently busy in the film archives of the Museum of Modern Art.

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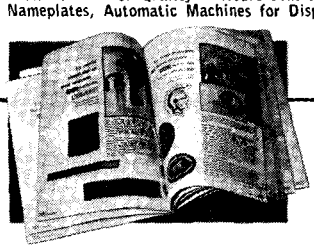

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LETTERS

Defusing Thoreau

"Mr. Thoreau's Time Bomb" by Frederick K. Sanders [*NR*, June 4] deserves wide recognition as a more than thoughtful piece in a time of thoughtlessness. The central issue of our age is whether we shall witness (and silently) the destruction of the integrity of the individual. But we are of the twenty-first century, and the point must be made that practical idealism is the fundamental need.

NR is a voice nearer the mainstream than most with the inclusion of such fine writing in its pages.

Longmeadow, Mass. EUGENE W. WILKIN

I think that Mr. Thoreau's time bomb is not defused, and with good reason. Certainly the development of individualism is the most profound development in Western civilization, sparked by the Renaissance. This is justified on philosophical grounds, and verified time and again by comparing the living standards of individualist societies to collectivist societies.

Yet Thoreau's ideas are attacked on these very grounds, indicted as anarchy. Only the "human community" is the proper base for a moral human existence, it is said, which is merely a camouflaged collectivism.

The proper "concept on which the order of the human community depends," which I prefer to call the concept on which the existence of individuals depends, is the protection of individual rights (to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness) from the use of force (individual or collective). A crucial point neglected by the idea of civil disobedience is that just because an individual disagrees with the government, he does not sanction it by submitting to its power. If I am held up in a dark alley at gunpoint, I do not sanction the robber by handing over my wallet.

The young berserks on our campuses do not "dramatically confirm" the current suspicion of our "public organizations, public experiences, public obligations which impinge on the sanctity of the individual's inner convictions." If anything, they are the logical outgrowth of our collectivism, and you know damn well that they would do anything *but* protect individual lives if given the power they seek. The "public experiences" quoted above describe exactly the nature of their orgasm; it is a collective orgasm by people who are individually impotent.

Columbus, Neb. KURT LEININGER

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Professor Sanders' article was the best I've seen for a long time. In fact, it prompted me to get a subscription to *NR*.
Benton Harbor, Mich. HAROLD FREIR

No to McCarthy

I find myself increasingly disturbed by *NR*'s attitude toward Eugene McCarthy. Your cover story a couple of issues ago made it appear that McCarthy was to be admired by conservatives in all respects except his political viewpoint. Even more disturbing was Jeffrey Hart's description of McCarthy as a "man of taste and intelligence" whose defeat by Robert Kennedy would be unfortunate [*NR*, June 4].

I saw both Kennedy and McCarthy campaign in the Oregon primary and witnessed second-hand their contest in neighboring California. McCarthy is a leftist ideologue of the worst sort whose positions, both foreign and domestic, are identical with those of Students for a Democratic Society in most respects (which is probably why he, not Kennedy, enjoys the support of the bulk of campus radicals). He would gut the CIA, can J. Edgar Hoover, replace Dean Rusk with someone further to the left, abandon foreign commitments, and increase by billions spending on domestic boondoggles. Kennedy was at least somewhat more reasoned in his foreign policy and many of his speeches on domestic policy sounded as though they were written by Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan (and he made these speeches not just to conservative audiences but in liberal states and on university campuses).

It is McCarthy who has consistently resorted to the worst kind of personal attack on his opponents. His speeches show a greater tendency for invective than intelligence. He is also insufferably arrogant. He refers to himself, his achievements, how "he" brought about the Vietnam negotiations singlehandedly, and his courage so often that he makes my own senior senator, Wayne Morse, sound like a paragon of modesty. If there is a Democrat conservatives should fear the most, it is Eugene McCarthy.
Eugene, Ore. JERRY NORTON

Enoch Powell's Consensus

While I do not agree with reader Lloyd Anderson, who claims that *NR* is bigoted, slanted and lowbrow, I nevertheless find Mr. Anthony Lejeune approximately guilty of such charges re "Mr. Powell's Blockbuster" in the June 4 issue. Mr. Lejeune howls about "how wide a gap now yawns between governors and governed, between grassroots opinion and the liberal orthodoxies which monopolize the political scene." As for the governors, I am sure that they are just as drippy as their American liberal counterparts. But what of the governed—does blue collar consensus equal Truth? Is Truth what the majority says it is? We must realize that the "ordinary people" are untutored and as such are purveyors and believers of racial myths. Mr. Powell's blockbuster was not that he "stepped outside the consensus which prevails among the leaders of the main political parties," instead his fault lies in the fact that he mirrored the ugly bigotry of the "commonsense working-class." If liberal orthodoxy be the belief that different races can and must live together in harmony then I am a part of this orthodoxy. I am more inclined to believe, though, that colorblindness is wholly consistent with classical liberalism, which stresses the dignity of the *individual* without regard to his caste or pigmentation.
Chesterfield, Ind. GARY M. HEATHCOTE

Morality and Miss LeClair

Even as a conservative I cannot support Mr. Buckley's irrational assumptions ["Linda's Crusade," May 21] as to Miss LeClair's motives for taking up residence with Mr. Behr. In any case it would be most difficult to ascertain if she is "so gluttonous for sex and publicity," as Mr. Buckley asserts. It should be recognized that the family, as an institution, has traditionally been an agent for the oppression of women. In addition, cohabitation may or may not be related to sexual promiscuity; it is arrogant to assume that since Miss LeClair is not legally bound to Mr. Behr, she must be habituated to casual sex. The question of morality seems not at issue here; its importance is secondary to that of the right of women to the exercise of sexual equality.
Philadelphia, Pa. (MISS) SYBIL SWEENEY

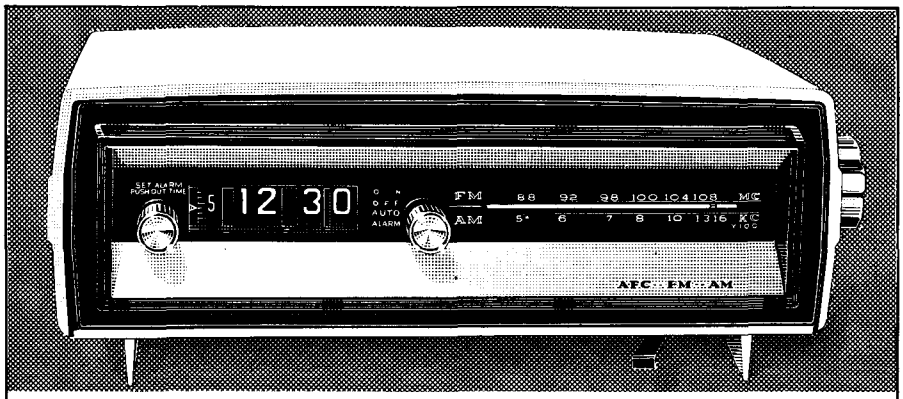
There are those, e.g. me, who get our morality, or at least try to, from the Bible. —W.F.B.

The NR Lexicon

I always enjoy *NR*'s and W.F.B.'s neologisms and coinings. "Stercoricolouness" [In This Issue, May 21] is a jimdandy and will probably be included in the next Webster's Unabridged. However, I opt for "manurity" as a more muscular, forthright word to report this idea. "Academic manurity", for example, has a plausible ring to it, and is a fitting concept for the age in which we live.
Mt. Pleasant, S.C. D. E. FRIERSON

In your issue of May 7, Mr. Hugh Kenner takes a "Nervous View of Ronald Reagan." At the start of a long Kennerade, he uses the words "the governor's Zamindary." In Webster's New World Dictionary I find the word "Zamindar" meaning a landowner, especially one paying revenue. Mr. Kenner said he felt entitled by domicile in the governor's zamindary to have his "nervous view." Could it be that he lives on the governor's land? Better look in another dictionary. I have

(Continues on p. 669)



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THE WEEK

■ On June 24 the Treasury shut its windows for redemption of silver certificates. From now on such paper certificates will be fully redeemable in paper silver, just as the international holdings of dollars will be convertible into paper gold according to the proposals of the International Monetary Fund. Question. If the paper silver dollar is internationally convertible into the paper gold dollar, will paper become so much in demand that we'll have to convert to paper paper?

■ Worried about gun control? Last May the students of the State University of New York (Albany) could read a campus leaflet that invited them to Chicago August 25 to 30 (cc: LBJ) and instructed them in weaponry: "How to make a fire bomb—Fill one soda or whisky bottle with one-fifth sulphuric acid and the remaining four-fifths with gasoline or a kerosene-gasoline mixture. Cork the bottle. Dip a strip of cloth in a mixture of water, sugar and potassium chlorate and let dry. When fully dry, wrap tightly around bottle and fasten with cord or wire. When bottle breaks, the acid and chlorate automatically ignite the gasoline. 'This is a highly volatile mixture—be careful.' Smokey the Bear."

■ Paul O'Dwyer, a McCarthy backer, won a stunning upset victory last week in New York's Democratic senatorial primary. He had waged a noncampaign, spending perhaps a tenth as much as the combined totals for Eugene Nickerson, a liberal who had supported Robert Kennedy, and Joseph Resnick, a maverick millionaire congressman who is ideologically unpigeonholeable but who said he was for Humphrey. The McCarthy forces were, of course, jubilant (they also won a whopping portion of New York's delegate seats to the Chicago convention), but the big winner may turn out to be James Buckley, the senatorial candidate on the state's Conservative Party ticket. The favorite to win the November election was, is and will continue to be the incumbent, Jacob Javits, but with the voters affronted by a choice between two oh-so-liberals from the major parties, Buckley, brother of WFB, appears headed toward the largest vote total yet registered by the fledgling Conservatives, who have come to stand for reason in an irrational state.

■ *Barron's* reasons for rejecting a Rockefeller candidacy: "Since 1959," says *Barron's* of Rockefeller's management of New York state finances, "the state budget has spiraled from $1.9 billion to the $5.5 billion estimated for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1969. Taxes have increased and multiplied. Thus, hapless Gothamites now pay a 5 per cent sales tax. . . . In addition, state income taxes have risen several times . . . to a point far and away the highest in the land. . . . Albany's fiscal profligacy impelled Moody's four years ago to lower the state's credit rating from triple-A to double-A. . . . Since 1960, the number of workers in manufacturing throughout the U.S. has increased by over one million. . . . In New York State, contrariwise, the total has declined. . . . Since 1958 Albany's employment rolls have shot up by over 40 per cent, or nearly four times as fast as the rise in population. . . . For those who earn their own living, a Rockefeller candidacy would be bad news at any time. Today, with the U.S. facing what the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board calls 'the worst financial crisis since 1931,' it's an invitation to national and global disaster. Twenty years of the fiscal and monetary recklessness which the Governor typifies have brought the U.S. to the brink." Had enough?

■ Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish economist, sociologist, psychologist, racial analyst, dietitian, bridge expert, social critic, traveler, author, lecturer, expert witness for the U.S. Supreme Court, receiver of honorary degrees, transportation expert, city planner, educationist, rural expert, and expert observer of unrest among today's college students, was the principal speaker at the commencement exercises of Temple University, in Philadelphia, a couple of weeks ago. He told the students that the United States must spend "trillions of dollars" to cure its social problems. That was Friday, the sixth day. On the seventh day he rested.

■ Students for a Democratic Society have wound up their week-long national convention at Michigan State University, a convention most notable for its disorder, inconclusiveness and secrecy. The influence of the Progressive Labor (pro-Peking) faction was hotly debated. The bosses reported a yearly budget of $115,000. Plans were made to continue infiltrating everything from the Department of Defense to the Sons of the American Revolution. Perhaps the funniest move was the convention vote to slap rigid controls on the press. Claiming that the press was unfair, the convention voted further to forbid individuals to talk with representatives of the mass media. There was, however, no rule against going limp.

■ The United Presbyterian Church has replaced its traditional litany with one imploring God, "Forgive us for pretending to care for the poor, when we do not like poor people and do not want them in our homes," and for "condemning civil disobedience. . . . " Pittsburgh Theological's David G. Butterick, who wrote it, criticized his church for "unnecessary ceremonial trappings," for forgetting that "John Calvin, one of Presbyterianism's early whiz-kids, insisted that the poor have first claim on the church's money. . . ." Another early whiz-kid

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came out foursquare for ceremonial trappings deemed unnecessary by his followers, whom he rebuked: "Ye have the poor with you always . . . but me ye have not always." (Mark 14:7.)

■ Prices in neighborhood supermarkets in the slum areas, goes the charge, are higher than prices in stores operated by the same chains in higher-income areas. Now: a businessman might justify such pricing policies by noting that in the slums there are more losses due to theft, insurance costs are higher, and labor is less reliable (and therefore more expensive). Even so, the Department of Agriculture undertook a six-city survey to find whether business is "cheating" the poor. The results of the study are surprising: it seems that where there are significant differences, the prices turn out to be *lower* in the slums.

■ *Civil Rights Digest,* the quarterly magazine of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, takes note, in its spring issue, of the *New York Times'* efforts in this field. The colloquy quoted is between Clifford Alexander Jr., chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (Equempoppocom), and John Mortimer, *Times* director of personnel and industrial relations:

Mr. ALEXANDER. You say that as an opinion maker, the *New York Times* on its editorial pages vigorously promotes equal opportunity. When did this start? Twenty or thirty years ago?
Mr. MORTIMER. I would guess so.
Mr. ALEXANDER. When did the *Times* hire its first Negro reporter?
Mr. MORTIMER. I don't know. At least ten years ago.
Mr. ALEXANDER. And how many Negro reporters do you have now?
Mr. MORTIMER. Three.
Mr. ALEXANDER. Three out of how many at the *Times*?
Mr. MORTIMER. About 200.
Mr. ALEXANDER. How many Negro officials and managers do you have at the *Times*?
Mr. MORTIMER. Just one.
Mr. ALEXANDER. Just one? Out of how many?
Mr. MORTIMER. It's hard to tell—around 220.
Mr. ALEXANDER. Do you have any Puerto Rican reporters?
Mr. MORTIMER. I don't believe so.
Mr. ALEXANDER. Any Puerto Rican managers or officials in a city that is 10 per cent Puerto Rican?
Mr. MORTIMER. None.
Mr. ALEXANDER. Let's go back to the initial page of your statement. I wonder if you might want to retract item four: "As an employer, we try to practice what we preach."
Mr. MORTIMER. No, I certainly would not.

■ We got to wondering if the Federal Government would *ever* get around to disciplining the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. for irregularities in his official conduct. The Department of Justice (Herbert Edelhertz, Chief, Fraud Section) replied to our query: "Certain activities of Mr. Powell, including alleged misuse of public funds, have been the subject of extensive investigation by Federal agencies. Currently a grand jury sitting in the District of Columbia is considering some of these activities to determine whether Federal criminal laws have been violated. When that inquiry has been concluded, the Department of Justice will consider what further action is appropriate. The general statute of limitations applicable to Federal criminal offenses requires that prosecution be initiated within a five-year period after the offense is committed." Time marches on.

■ Student Government at the University of Chicago has sent a questionnaire on Vietnam to all seniors and first-year graduate students. The results, according to SG, show "that 46.1 per cent of the seniors and 44.8 per cent of the graduate students replying will refuse to be inducted into the armed services. Of those who will serve, 28.9 per cent of the seniors and 32.4 per cent of the graduate students will refuse to go to Vietnam if ordered." The Chicago School of Democracy?

■ Young Americans for Freedom announce the 1968 Student Competition, based on J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* and Eugene Lyons' *Workers' Paradise Lost.* Prize money of $5,000 is up for grabs for the winning essays, college and high school students are eligible, the good word is going to 20,000 secondary school teachers in September, and further information may be had by writing to John Finn, Western Educational Office, YAF, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California XCIIXXXVII.

■ Yevgeny Yevtushenko, he sure takes some chances. Look at that poem he wrote about the country going crazy with guns and executions and blood. Wow! That hurt. And then saying in another poem last week, "To be a patriot in our country means to carry the label 'anti-patriot.' " Guts, man. Of course, the country is America and Y.Y. is writing about King and Kennedy and Spock, but still: someone might think he really meant Russia, mightn't they? If they switched the names and places and all? After all, the Kremlin's jails are full of poets, but they weren't clever like Y.Y. To be a poet in that country means to carry the label— . . . well, it takes some switching.

■ Dulles made a secret promise to Nasser in 1954—that Egyptian needs would be the "cornerstone" of U.S. policy in the Middle East. A year later, he organized the Baghdad Pact. In 1957 he promised to support unimpeded passage for Israel through the Gulf of Aqaba, a promise of which the United States was reminded in last year's June War. It now transpires, if we are to believe Jack Anderson which granted is a strain, that yet an-

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Letter From a Chaplain

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I am a chaplain serving with the Air Force in Da Nang, South Vietnam, and I want to go home. In fact, in the seven months that I have been here, I can truthfully say that I have not met three people who do not want to go home. However, I'm here and will remain here until my year is finished and then return to the United States, my wish finally granted. . . .

My reason for writing you, a first for me by the way, is very selfish. I have followed your articles and reports on the Vietnam situation faithfully and have mumbled under my breath about the one-sided coverage. You have had a picture of a Vietnamese woman with an M-16 pointed at her head. You have shown the picture of the Vietnamese woman with her emotions welled up, pleading with the Americans not to burn down her house, and, in the most recent edition which I have received, a young boy, again with an M-16 leveled against him. There is no denying that these pictures display very well the misery and gruesomeness of war, but I feel that this shows the Americans as the fighters of women and the oppressors of children. There is another side of the war which, I think, should be given some small space in your paper.

A hand grenade thrown by a young boy can bring death as quickly and as surely as one thrown by a well-armed, well-trained North Vietnamese army regular. I personally witnessed the treatment of a thirteen-year-old North Vietnam army soldier after his capture. (I'm sure with an M-16 pointed at his head.) He had been left to die by his own company and was afraid to surrender because he had been told he would be eaten by the Americans if caught. Finally, he decided that he was skinny enough and it would take three months to fatten him up and he might escape in that time. After surrendering he was given medical aid and a change of clothes, much to his amazement. He was then escorted by a big burly American with an M-16 on a flight from Chu Lai to Quang Ngai. After he boarded the aircraft he was given Kool-Aid and ended the flight sleeping peacefully with his head against the shoulder of his American captor.

You do not concern yourself with the part of the war which finds men of all branches of our armed forces during off-duty hours rebuilding schools and orphanages. I did not see one word about the thousands of parties given for the many children in Vietnam, nor the tons of clothes and food distributed. If you really want an answer to the question of are we wanted or needed in Vietnam, don't waste your time asking President Johnson or Father Philip Berrigan or Dr. Spock. Ask a poor Vietnamese peasant in some outlying district. Walk down the main street of Da Nang City and ask these people how they feel about our presence here. Ask them what would happen if we pulled out and just how many people would lose either their life or their freedom.

I admire many of the people who are contributors to your paper, even if only by being newsworthy. Many are priests or laymen who have made up their minds to something and have forged ahead to attain their goal no matter what the cost. Father Berrigan faced a term in prison for his "raid" on the Selective Service office to pour the "blood of ducks" on the records. I don't agree with him but I do admire his determination. But never once, to my knowledge, have you mentioned the name of Father Vincent Capodanno. He, too, made up his mind and forged ahead not counting the cost. He died on the battlefield near Tam Ky, machine-gunned to death while shielding a wounded Marine with his own body. Many young GIs have returned to the States more aware of Christian love and sacrifice because of Father Capodanno.

I have talked to thousands of wounded. None of them wanted to shed their blood. None wanted to lose a leg or an arm or their eyesight. None wanted to feel the pain and they yelled for medication to take it away, but very few have complained that this suffering was in vain. Their chief concern is "What about my buddy?"

I admire these men too. They have been a greater inspiration to me and have aided more in my spiritual growth and appreciation of life and my fellow man than all the articles in the *National Catholic Reporter* put together. For some reason, however, you give the impression that they are ruthless and of no great concern to the American people. In reality, they are mostly kids who, for whatever reason, have not had or taken advantage of the opportunity of a college education. For the most part they are dedicated to God, their families, and their country, but somehow these virtues are not as admirable as they once were. They may not have the formal education but they have a tremendous feeling for others.

There are many sides to the Vietnam conflict and I would only hope that in the future you would give some space to the facts on the other side. In keeping with the admitted policy of your paper, please give space to some of these people who perform admirable deeds whether you agree with them or not.

(Capt.) GERALD M. WHELAN
Chaplain, USAF
Da Nang, South Vietnam

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other promise was given to Israel, a secret promise, now revealed in *Parade* Magazine. In 1961, President Kennedy apparently sent an assistant, Myer Feldman, on a secret mission to Israel to offer Hawk anti-aircraft missiles and to persuade Israel, in return, to abandon the development of nuclear weapons. Feldman assured Israel that the Sixth Fleet would come to the rescue if its existence were threatened by Arab aggression.

■ We can all breathe easily once more. Cyrus (troika) Eaton had it straight from the folks at the Kremlin and the North Vietnamese in Paris and he told it to Averell Harriman in Paris and Lyndon Johnson in Washington and it seems the only thing Hanoi wants is a fair and honorable and immediate peace. For several decades Mr. Eaton has pursued his vocation of unofficial ambassador, but some people have never figured out who he thinks he's unofficially representing.

■ In Greensboro, N.C., we grieve to report, the two-way wrist radio has fallen silent, and leapin' lizards leap no more. Yes, the *Greensboro Daily News* has bumped Dick Tracy and Little Orphan Annie. Why? "We feel that their constant exploitation and advocacy of violence by law enforcement officers and the good guys outweigh any value the strips might have in promoting the theory that crime does not pay." Nuts to you, *Greensboro Daily News*. Two bops on the noggin and a bite on the leg. Violently yours, The Good Guys.

Shift of Scene

Once again, in the global theater's continuous show, it is Europe's turn to move to stage center. Since 1965 the main spot has been on Southeast Asia, except for a brief swing a year ago toward the Mideast. Europe, east and west, had finished with the cold war and stabilized, the official reviewers assured us. De Gaulle, the Common Market and east Europe's economic reformers were leading Europeans toward peace internal and external, détente, mutual trade and affluence.

Then, with no indication on the advance program, the United States decided to pull out of Southeast Asia; for the media that are now the message, the main front of the war was changed to Paris. Almost simultaneously the youth of Czechoslovakia came to political life, forced dismissal of the old-line leadership, got New Deal officials installed and threw Moscow into confusion. The French students and workers went into spectacular action, with echoing student displays in every European nation both east and west. Overnight the franc was toppled from its proud perch at the top of the international monetary system. Gaullism was irreparably cracked and the supposedly stabilized European system was knocked apart.

Then, as always in these European phases of the postwar cycle, Berlin was thrust to the front: Berlin, where East and West meet at the Wall; Berlin, the celebrated bone in Russia's throat; Berlin, the lonely Western outpost deep in enemy territory. With the United States foundering under an abdicated President, bogged down in the war both in the field and in Paris, and half-paralyzed at home by the elections and race troubles, with Western Europe staggering under France's proto-revolution, the Kremlin and its ever-faithful servant, Walter Ulbricht, found the time auspicious for a new blow at Berlin, and through Berlin at West Germany and her allies. The move was shrewdly conceived. East Germany stands to pick up $20 million worth of hard currency annually by the new visa and tax impositions. The economic and psychological squeeze will add to the growingly evident decline that West Berlin has been experiencing in recent years—as shown alarmingly in the fact that its population is on average the oldest of any city in Europe. There is further pressure on West Germany to try to straighten the matter out by formal recognition of the East German regime; and indirect pressure on the deviating east European nations to close ranks for the confrontation.

Western Europe and the United States, distracted by their own troubles, their eagerness for east European trade and President Johnson's abject pleas for Soviet-American cooperation, managed no firmer response to the Berlin provocation than a few scolding words.

"What this country needs is a choice, not an echo. This time, all the candidates are coming out against crime in the streets."

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How Guilty Are Guns?

It is not often that we take a remark of Senator Eugene McCarthy's as text, but we thought he was exactly on target when he remarked the other day that it would be unwise to enact new gun control legislation "under panic conditions." "Panic" is certainly the appropriate word for the hysteria on the matter of controls that has been promoted in the aftermath of Robert Kennedy's assassination, and panic legislation has seldom proved either sensible or effective.

Let it be first remarked that no proposed or conceivable controls would have prevented this assassination, which is being presented as the climactic proof that controls are necessary. The killing of a major public figure is not a casual incident springing from passing fancy. Anyone—psychotic, fanatic, political agent or hired hand—who sets himself so imposing a task is not going to be deterred by police regulations from getting hold of a gun. California, as it happens, has a fairly strict gun control law, and the revolver used by the presumptive assassin was duly registered under it. And of course, if you have decided to kill a major public figure but couldn't get a gun, you would merely use another kind of weapon—*cf.* Caesar, and Czar Alexander II.

Repeat: No gun control law is going to stop political assassinations. What, then, *could* controls accomplish—besides the expansion of bureaucratic interference with the lives of citizens that is an inevitable consequence of all government controls? This is a very difficult question to answer rationally. The relevant evidence is mostly statistical; and the respective interpretations of the statistics by the proponents of controls and by the National Rifle Association pretty well cancel each other out. The *New York Times,* arguing for controls (June 17), makes a big point that in Mississippi, Texas and Florida, where there are weak gun control laws, "guns were used, respectively, in 71, 69 and 66 per cent of all murders during the four years ending in 1965. In three states with strong laws—New Jersey, Massachusetts and New York—the comparable rate was 38, 35 and 32 per cent." But the *Times* omits any mention of the frequency of murders in these states or of the fact that the two groups are in altogether different cultural categories. All the *Times'* figures seem to suggest is that inhabitants of highly industrialized and urbanized states prefer to do their murdering by other means than shooting. (We might recall that murders did not start with the invention of guns.) Curiously enough, though one would never learn so from the gun controllers, there were fewer murders by shooting in the United States in 1965 (5,600), when the population was nearing 200 million, than in 1930 (7,000), when the population was 123 million.

It is hard to deny the conclusion of the obvious dilemma: controls aren't needed for law-abiding citizens; law-breaking citizens won't be deterred by them. There are special cases not adequately covered by that disjunction. J. Edgar Hoover has stated his plausible opinion that the ready accessibility of guns may increase the number of "impulse murders." Nearly everyone will judge it desirable to keep guns away from the mentally unbalanced, felons and drug addicts, and to control their use by juveniles. The restrictions on mail order sales of hand guns and other gun control measures included by Congress in the crime control bill just enacted, together with the extension to long guns proposed by the President, are not likely to bother determined criminals and assassins, but they might have some effect on these special cases.

Elsewhere in this issue Frank S. Meyer states the case, on both constitutional and pragmatic grounds, against any controls whatever. We share Mr. Meyer's opposition to such measures, now being pushed under cover of the hysteria, as universal registration of all firearms, elaborate police checkups before issuing permits to possess weapons, etc. These would both jeopardize the rights—not to speak of the pleasures and recreations—of the citizens and give birth to a bureaucratic monstrosity. The thought of the paperwork staggers the imagination.

But it does not seem that the constitutional clause affirming "the right of the people to keep and bear arms" must be—or would be, by the courts—interpreted to exclude all administrative regulation. None of the civil liberties included in the Constitution has been given so anarchic an interpretation. We have the rights to speak, assemble and move around, but not literally as, when and how we please; our rights are administratively subject in prudent degree to the public safety and convenience. On the practical side it is impossible to predict

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whether the controls now on the books (with or without the extension to long guns) will actually reduce violence-by-shooting. It is perhaps worth the experiment, with any more detailed regulation left, as it has been and should be, to the states and local communities.

The Rockefeller Blitz

Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York has taken his campaign for the Presidential nomination into the most logical field for a man whose popularity among Republicans is sickly: he has begun to Speak To The Nation. Each week from now until the Republican National Convention in August, in 41 major cities from sea to sea, a full-page advertisement will appear, showing Rockefeller's face, or portions thereof, and displaying about 200 words of text on or about some major issue. There is also a possibility of Rockefeller's purchasing some important television time between now and the convention. The advertisements are written by Mr. Gene Case of the Jack Tinker agency (1414 Avenue of the Americas, NYC), like a governor should.

The Governor's strategy is to stamp his image so forcibly in the consciousness of the masses that the opinion polls will report, as feedback, a rising grassroots feeling for Rockefeller. Going into the convention hall with Gallup & Harris reporting that he's the only Man Who, Rockefeller may then expect to force the convention to see the light of reason and give him the Presidential nomination.

Reasonable enough? But then one pauses. The slick eight-word sentences, the slick one-sentence paragraphs, the slick 200-word announcements smell of the paste-pot. Ask the man who owns one. Escalation is not the answer. My beer is the dry beer. Only people can solve the urban problem. Fly the yellowbirds. That is why I am running for President. Smoke a he-man cigarette. (Signed) Arnold Palmer. (Signed) Nelson A. Rockefeller.

The question arises in the mind of the professional political observer: is this the way to reach the masses, the dozens of millions? With ads in the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*—i.e. in sheets that most particularly do not reach the masses, and in messages so obviously computed that they turn off the very sophisticated clients of the media they appear in?

The question answers itself. If this is all there is to Rockefeller's campaign, it looks like a born dropout. But the clue is not how the masses react but how Gallup & Harris say the masses react, and here we have an interesting situation. Two small single-proprietor polling businesses can make or break the political ambitions of a man who long ago lost count of the millions he has spent and is willing to spend to become President. The thought must have gone through the minds of some of the ultramontanists in Rockefeller's court that even though George Gallup and Lou Harris are presumably incorruptible the polling mechanisms are not fool-proof.

Luckily Messrs. Gallup & Harris are wealthy men. They got that way in the polling business. They would themselves, of course, stand proof against an offer from the Rockefeller camp. Who says there's no place for a rich man in politics?

Why I Hate Parties

Last Saturday, I met a girl
Whose thinking made my inlays curl.
When queried who she thought should run,
She said: "The charismatic one."
(She said it blandly, glass in hand.)
Though temporarily unmanned,
I rallied smartly, took a sip,
Then, reeking with good-fellowship,
Suggested former figures who,
Charisma-wise, would *never do.*
George Washington had blotchy skin.
John Adams had a tiny chin.
Cartoonists looked at Lincoln's shape
And drew him as a hairy ape.
I mentioned Jackson; Henry Clay.
I noted neither cream nor spray
Would make them sparkle on TV,
But all she did was stare at me.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Law and Dr. Spock

Four convictions, one acquittal: so ended the trial of Benjamin Spock (guilty), William Sloane Coffin Jr. (guilty), Mitchell Goodman (guilty), Michael Ferber (guilty) and Marcus Raskin (innocent)—a clear victory for the government in response to a clear challenge by ambitious, thwarted men. Now is everybody happy? Is the law clear? Are its dissidents at peace? It was not that kind of trial.

It was not, above all, the kind of trial that the most ardent well-wishers of Spock et al. would like to have seen carried out. For them the trial was more than a test of the government's determination to uphold the Selective Service Act. It was a moral confrontation, to use their favorite term, with the authorities over the legality of the Vietnam war. It was the trial by which Spock et al. were to have convicted the government. It was in effect to have carried that war into the courts of America and fought it to a finish. But the Battle of Boston never took place, and not solely because of the trial judge's refusal to allow Nuremberg into his courtroom. If, as he ruled, the war was not to be tried, all the rhetorical bravura of humanist pacifism could have been mounted in second-line defense—the jury could have heard much of freedom of speech and assembly, of the sanctity of

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individual conscience etc., and it did; but it heard as much and more of the defendants' solicitous regard for their own safety under the First Amendment (did Spock, Coffin et al. knowingly violate the law? Well, it seems they didn't, it seems they wouldn't dare), and it was treated to endless, peculiarly legalistic parsing of the indictment, charge by charge—"conspiracy" to "counsel," "aid" and "abet." It did seem, in short, like copping a plea—not much meat for the headlines or for a peace movement presumably eager to storm heaven with its righteous cries.

And presumably it will get its chance later, in the Appellate Court. But first it would help to have a few things straightened out about the Boston Four. Their attitude, for instance, to the law. Civil disobedience respects the law by accepting the consequences of violating it. Why should Spock, Coffin et al. have asked to be understood so precisely in the courtroom and so loosely outside it? In their hedging over the central issue of violation they confirm that they are not engaged in civil disobedience at all, but in a quarrel with the world, in prolonging the pressure, however weakly applied, of their contempt for all law so long as Americans in Vietnam are fighting.

Abolish Congress

The Supreme Court's ruling last week on the right of a property owner to sell to whomever he wishes is, even for this court, an unusually blatant usurpation of the legislative function. Congress agonized for two years before drafting the Civil Rights Act of 1968, which by 1970 would force the selling and renting of 80 per cent of American homes to the first prospective buyer who can pony up the asking price. The Supreme Court, in a single decision, overrode months of deliberation by the legislators, made the housing figure 100 per cent, made the effective date now, and did all this by invoking an obscure law written in 1866 to enforce an Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery. Justice Potter Stewart, who wrote the majority opinion, cited statements by Reconstruction congressmen to show that Congress intended the 1866 law to be a forced housing law. Justice John Harlan, who was joined in the dissent only by Justice Byron White, responded with an equally long list of quoted statements to show that the Congress that drafted the 1866 law had no intention of prohibiting individuals from disposing of their property as they see fit. As if "intent of Congress" has anything to do with Supreme Court decisions these days. What about the obvious intent of the men sitting in the Capitol right now? Perhaps the next Congress should not draw up any legislation, perhaps it should not even be called into session, since any deliberation seems to be a waste not only of the energies of able men but also of public money. But the Supreme Court will yet manage to squeeze some blood from the lifeless housing statute passed this spring. The Civil Rights Act of 1968 has enforcement procedures lacking in the 1866 law, and surely the next court test on the matter of housing will be somebody's attempt to prove that it was the "intent" of Congress to apply the same stiff penalties wherever the free disposition of property is barred, even though Congress most emphatically did not intend to eliminate this freedom in the first place.

Who Killed Kennedy?

To judge from recent comments, we are not permitted to say that Sirhan Bishara Sirhan killed Robert F. Kennedy, and that, in our most emphatic opinion, is to take legal protocol and carry it into cuckooland.

We know, we know, we have known since we were approximately eight years old, the difference between "guilt" and "legal guilt." No one is legally guilty until he has been convicted by a jury of his peers after a fair trial. But it needs to be observed that it is much more interesting in such cases as the present whether a man is a) the actual agent of the victim's death than whether he is b) legally "guilty," even though it is altogether possible, indeed it happens every day, that someone will be a) and not b)—for whatever reason, slick lawyer, corrupt jury, you name it. All the ranting about Sam Yorty's talkativeness, all the studious references in the press to the "alleged assassin" of Robert Kennedy would make sense if Sirhan had been seized, as Oswald was seized, in the coils of a circumstantial net. But Sirhan was seized with a smoking revolver in his hand, six feet away from the man he killed, yes killed; and the forthcoming trial, indispensable as a means by which we ascertain whether Sirhan was guilty under the law of first degree murder (he may be proved insane, or whatever, and therefore exempted from the formal verdict), is of minor, indeed of merely technical interest alongside the mountainous truth of Sirhan's magnicide. The law is espistemologically useful only within its own terms, even as a chessboard, once the game begins, is the final arbiter of which of the two contestants wins that particular match, but is otherwise inconclusive. But we must not, in order to indulge legal cant, deprive ourselves of the use of our own faculties which render clear, and lucid, and reliable conclusions under such circumstances as took place in the dismal corridor of the Ambassador Hotel after midnight on the fifth of June.

Robert F. Kennedy, RIP

The Kennedys have no more tragedies to give. Now, all that matters is the form of our reactions. We can give that—those who will be dying later. The world requires death, and death at all ages. If only the old died, there would never be grieving and we would have missed a deep emotion. Any deep emotion is lucky and we should be grateful for it. Grief is not, as some imagine, a contraction of life. It is one of its best expansions—as

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We need your

help

Here we are, in the midst of the most incredible election campaign in American history. What will happen next? Who dares predict the future? What might happen a month from now, given what has happened in the past month?

We can't predict it ourselves, of course. But this we **do** know: there must be, as of right this minute, **many** more thousands of Americans who would **enjoy** having **National Review** in this vital election year, if they only knew about it. You can reach those people more quickly, more easily — certainly more efficiently — than **we** can, for they are **your** friends. Aren't there friends and relations of **yours** who are more interested in **this** election than in any **previous** election? Just the people we're looking for! Use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to **National Review** today!

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is joy—and neither can be simulated by anything else. To be happy is to know only part of life.

A famous death will always corrupt some people. The memory of our important men is inevitably stained by the banality of their admirers. The corrupt aftermath, the impure responses, the formula sentiments, will be harder to relive than the remarkable death itself. We know of course that thousands and perhaps millions will be made off this death; the In Memoriam industry, so versatile, inventive and fast, has already moved in. Some will do it with a street vulgarity, a post-funeral selling, others more subtly, with a slight coyness, with a greater technology, in a softer idiom, backed by venal writers of sentiment. We have seen it with all other valuable deaths.

There are many tempters among us now. This is the time to hold. The merchants of guilt, pursuing an unbalanced psychology of their own, are imploring us to self-disdain. They hanker after our minds, and while conjuring an assassination, would like to assassinate the will of a whole society, making it give up on itself, making it adopt sickness as its copyright. Nothing can stop them, these radically unproductive people, but if they must disdain, let there be some lyric in it, and not the lank, energyless statements they give us of poisoned grief. From Los Angeles to Moscow, in mock ceremonial and false dismay, they are wringing their hands over our corpse right now. But the reports of our death are greatly exaggerated.

Our signature is past. We understand that beyond death and beyond mourning we return to the same fortifications. The average has not moved. Human nature does not change, it merely reproduces itself. It was not improved by the last death. It will not be improved by the next one. But everything, even death, is an advantage to the wise man. Therefore let us, despite all temptations, resolve to be wise rather than banal. Even a death must be used—that being the law.

M. EDELSON

Notes & Asides

It was examination season early this month, and Professor Guy Davenport passes along an answer concerning Henry Adams. "I was especially interested in *The Education of Henry Adams,*" writes the especially interesting student, "by his method of obtaining an education. It is truly a rather unique situation that Adams found himself in.

"Being from a typical snob American family, Henry Adams was immediately cast into the role of prominence. It was expected that he would follow in the footsteps of all other Adamses and take up courses of study to prepare him for an office of prestige and political rank . . .

"However, Adams was not concerned with the position it appeared he must take. He attended school but dropped out because he said nobody would criticize him.

"Henry Adams became pretty much the 'black sheep' of the Adams family. Books were of no help to him. I think the most books he ever owned totaled six at one time.

"He succeeded James Russell Lowell as editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW."

■ We note that Mr. William F. Alexander, assistant district attorney in Dallas who helped prosecute Jack Ruby, has been allowed to resign for having remarked a few weeks ago that "Earl Warren shouldn't be impeached, he should be hanged." As the source of this rather infamous jest—it appeared originally (Sept. 29, 1961) in these pages, in the introduction to an article on the question whether Earl Warren should be impeached (no)—we can well understand Mr. Alexander's superior, Mr. Henry Wade, declaring that "that was not a very nice thing to say." No indeed: which is why we said it, niceness being beside the point we originally sought to convey, namely that there were, and are, no constitutional grounds on which to impeach Earl Warren, undesirable though he is as Chief Justice.

The night John Kennedy was shot, we found ourselves staring, incredulous, at Huntley and Brinkley, one of them saying to the other, what could you expect but violence in a country in which a prominent national magazine "comes out for" hanging Earl Warren? "Of course," said David to Chet or Chet to David, "they pretended they said it in jest. . . . but . . ." But? In what way did Mr. Alexander say it? Unless he said it in jest, he shouldn't have been fired, he should have been hanged. Did Stephen Decatur *really* mean to damn the torpedoes to eternal perdition? What did the torpedoes ever do to him? Ah, my lords and oh, my lieges, what a dreadful time we are going to have maintaining the robustness of the English language. It is only obscenity that you can get away with these days. If Mr. Alexander had alleged that Mr. Warren had incestuous relations with his mother, no one would have noticed him, except maybe Norman Mailer and other flypapers of licentious tang. Hang it all. (Okay). Hang 'em all (No. Huntley-Brinkley no like).

■ Ladies and gentlemen. A Very Reverend and most estimable monsignor in Los Angeles has made to NATIONAL REVIEW a gift which, if all goes well, could relieve us of the necessity for a 1969 Fund Appeal. Cross your fingers on June 29, which is the day of the Irish Sweepstakes, that the winner will be X B Q 35435.

—W.F.B.

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE NEW LEFT AND THE OLD

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The term "New Left" is vague. Since the New Left is, first, revolutionary activity and sentiment, you cannot point to one organization and say, "This is the New Left." There is no official "New Left International" or "New Left Party." There are only individuals, groups and organizations that in one or another degree express New Left sentiments and act along New Left lines.

Generally speaking, the romanticism of the New Left is more attractive to the young than to the old except for a few arrested adolescents like Dwight Macdonald who are titillated by New Left antics. As everyone knows, the university campuses have been the hot house for New Left growth, and the most conspicuous New Leftists have been students or relatively young teachers. In this country Students for a Democratic Society has become the best-known organization with a New Left orientation. In West Germany, it is the Socialist Students' League, led by Karl-Dietrich Wolff (who spent an activist year in the United States); in France, the National Union of Students (UNEF); in Britain, the Radical Student Alliance, led by an immigrant from Pakistan, Tariq Ali; in Italy, the Movimento Studentesco; in Japan, the Sampa Zengakuren. Such organizations, however, have no monopoly on New Leftism. The New Left attitude and mode of action are present within many other campus groups and have found their way off campus into almost all organizations of the Left.

The recent SDS convention avowed its "fraternal relations" with a number of Committees, Unions and Movements. In the French proto-revolution a cluster of syndicalist, Trotskyite, Maoist, Castroite and anarchist organizations were in joint vanguard at the barricades; the French Communist Party was pushed into the action by the New Left contagion that spread to its younger members. Similarly in the U.S., all organizations of the Left, old and new, black and white, are lined up in the Vietnik front. By virtue of modern communications and rapid transport, New Left leaders of many nations are actively in touch with each other. Berkeley, Columbia, Berlin's Free University, the Universities of Rome and Milan, the London School of Economics and the Sorbonne are all near neighbors in the revolutionary global village.

Dialectics of Old and New

It is a mistake to over-simplify by lumping New Left and Old (Communist) Left together as "just a bunch of Communists" or by seeing the New Left as a virginal movement wholly independent of the Old. The actual relationship is complex and "dialectical."

The New Left is against the Establishment, the existing power structure, the status quo—everywhere. But dynamically considered, its opposition is from the Left, and therefore, in that perspective, some establishments are worse than others. "I consider myself a revolutionary communist," asserted one of the newly elected SDS officers, emphasizing the small "c" but insisting on the label. The New Leftists acknowledge Marx, Lenin and Trotsky along with Bakunin, Mao and Guevara among their ancestors.

A revolutionary movement gets into a dialectical jam as soon as it is successful. With respect to what it has already conquered it becomes, by the nature of the situation, conservative. The old Communist parties *are* the Establishment in the Communist nations, and also within the parties, fronts and trade unions—including France's major union federation, the CGT—which they control in non-Communist nations. Where it is the conservative establishment, the Communist Old Left feels threatened by the New Left, and clashes with it. The Old Left knows that the essential goal of politics is power, and that the goal of every serious political movement is state power. It knows that what the New Left, for all its anarchist chatter, threatens within the Communist nations and the Communist-controlled organizations is to oust the Old Left and take over.

But the Old Left, conservative in relation to its own conquests, continues to be revolutionary in relation to "capitalism" and "imperialism." And in its revolutionary aspect the Old Left finds itself objectively allied with the New Left whether or not it wants to be. More than this, the youth and enthusiasm of the New Left give new vigor to the common revolutionary struggle. This shows the Old Left that it cannot seek merely to smash the New Left, but must adopt the more delicate aim of seducing the romantic youth while deflecting its adventurist flank attacks.

The deep leftist roots of the New Left make it vulnerable to this dialectical Old Left tactic, in spite of the sincerity with which many New Leftists criticize old-line Communism. With Marx and Lenin among your spiritual guides, you cannot be against a Communist state in the same total sense that you are against an imperialist state. Most particularly in the overriding war against the leader of world imperialism, you and the Old Left are on the same side of the barricades. Moreover, anarchism can't get anywhere in the long run; the young anarchist who wants to continue as a revolutionary will have to become a professional and an organization man.

The Old Left never completed the bourgeoisification so often predicted, but it undoubtedly suffered bureaucratic ossification in the past two decades. It is possible that the New Left, far from sweeping the Old Left finally off the stage, will bring about a renaissance of the world revolutionary movement: a "synthesis at a higher level," the dialecticians would say, of the Old Left and the New. □

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THE CAMPUS IN ARMS

Out of its own special weakness,
the Left has evolved one cure-all
for the liberal democracies which deny it
the majority needed to rule—Up Against the Wall!

THE COMING REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

JEFFREY HART

SPREADING POLITICAL VIOLENCE of a revolutionary character now seems inevitable in America. Despite the complacency of middle-class opinion—the mellow, reassuring voices, the routine analyses—there is hatred in the air. Something genuinely incommensurate is opening up. One senses the presence of something very much like the instinctive periodic desire for war discerned by William James. The call for "confrontation" is an academic euphemism. The real demand is for force, combat, violence. Far from obliterating these primitive desires, affluence has only sharpened them.

During the past two or three years the American Left, unable to make much headway within the rules of liberal democracy, has thrown the rules overboard and resorted to force. And against all expectations, force has proved highly effective against a confused and leaderless majority. Across the board, and in varying degrees, the liberal democratic institutions have proved vulnerable. No one can tell how vulnerable they finally will be. But some have collapsed like paper bags.

We have seen the Left resort to force, intimidation, and extra-legality in three areas: racial relations, the Vietnam protest, and the campus rebellions. In none of these matters has the Left position ever commanded a majority. In each the Left flouted the liberal democratic rules of discussion, ballot, and peaceful change under law. In each a militant and violent minority has extracted key concessions.

Thus, there never was—not in New Hampshire, not in the U.S.—anything like a majority against the Vietnam war. But the President of the United States and his cabinet members and other Administration spokesmen have

been subjected to a campaign of vilification unprecedented in its sustained virulence. They have had to sneak into major cities. They have been effectively barred from appearances on the campus and elsewhere. Violence has been commonplace, as has obscenity and outrage. The President's conduct of affairs was effectively undercut, and he was rendered incapable of governing. He may be about to surrender to North Vietnam. No majority was produced for any of this, and no significant vote was ever taken.

In racial relations and on the campus, a militant and violent minority tramples on the rights of the majority, and all the organs of resistance seem supine. A so-called Poor People's March has unilaterally occupied the center of the capital. When the mood strikes them, rioters and looters work their will before the bemused eyes of the police. On the campus, a few hundred students paralyze great universities, sneer at constituted authority, and effectively deny the majority access to the classes they are entitled to.

Ironically enough, the new and successful tactics of violence emerged out of the Left's perception of its own weaknesses. Within the last three years, the ideologues of the hard Left perceived that they could never achieve a majority for their position under the rules of liberal democracy. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, a radical social scientist, analyzed the situation acutely in the midst of a discussion of Vietnam and the racial question: "Much of the present split between the liberals and the social activists comes, I believe, from the activists' growing conviction that they can't win on any of these issues under the working rules of American democracy." In a similar vein, George Steiner and Noam Chomsky, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, lamented the fact that while 1) the U.S. Government is the curent equivalent of Hitler's, 2) its policies do not outrage anything like a majority of Americans.* They reasonably concluded that illegal resistance was the only recourse.

At this point, the Left faced a simple choice: either abandon its principal goals and go out of business, or resort to force. It chose illegality, direct action and violence. As Gregory Calvert, former national secretary of SDS, announced: "We are working to build a

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guerrilla force in an urban environment. We are actively organizing sedition." He added: "Che Guevara's message is applicable to urban America as far as the psychology of guerrilla action goes . . . Che sure lives in our hearts."

In the May issue of *Commentary*, Daniel Moynihan argues that the New Hampshire primary proved that the democratic system works, and that a change in Vietnam policy was democratically produced by McCarthy's showing. It proved nothing of the sort. In the first place, a vast majority of those who voted in the primary voted for candidates favorable to the war. Of those who voted for McCarthy, half thought he was a hawk. What actually happened is that a sustained campaign of violence, vilification, demonstration and disruption had rendered Johnson—admittedly unattractive and bumbling — unable to govern. New Hampshire voters voted for "someone else."

If this aberration produces a collapse of American policy in Southeast Asia, a collapse which will virtually guarantee a major war in the 1970s, I for one, hope that the American people will remember very clearly those who were responsible for bringing it about.

Seizing the Dispersed Capital

Middle-class opinion, oblivious to the crumbling of vital institutions, watches comfortably as one day follows another in the familiar pattern. The *Times* continues to appear; Cronkite intones the day's events; spring turns into summer as once again an election year rolls around. The Left seems irritating, sometimes amusing. But the Left is in earnest. It has no hesitation in resorting to force, and it therefore can be defeated only by counterforce. A willingness to use force cannot be met by argument or by verbal appeals to law. And the Left, alert to the weaknesses—the "contradictions"—in liberal democratic institutions, is both adept and ruthless in exploiting them.

Hugh Kenner once felicitously described American colleges and universities as a "dispersed capital." America has no equivalent of London or Paris —no single geographic center of ideas, information, expertise, culture, and intelligence. But the colleges and universities, collectively, function as such a center. Given modern communications, there is no need for a single geographic center. Like the European capital, the academic world is a distinctive community. A professor at Yale has more in common with a professor at UCLA than he has with his New Haven neighbor who sells insurance. And like London or Paris this dispersed capital is the nerve center of the nation. Here is where the ideas are generated, tested, and criticized—in economics, in natural science, in technology, in social science, in the liberal arts. National defense depends upon this nerve center. Business and all aspects of government draw upon it. Were this dispersed capital to be destroyed or seized by the enemy, the effect would be catastrophic.

And yet the academy is virtually undefended. For its defenselessness there are two reasons, one peculiar to the academy and one culturally pervasive. Like our other institutions, from the family and the church through the courts of law to the Presidency itself, the academy is a victim of the erosion of authority. But the academy is also the victim of its own contradictions. The premise of the academy is that all questions will be submitted to "discussion." It is not pretended that all questions can be resolved, but when they are resolved it is to be through "discussion." Academicians have always been violent—but only verbally. The use of force contradicts the premise of the academy as an institution. Thus, when a segment of the academy throws away the rules and resorts to force, the academy is unprepared, bewildered. In itself, the academy does not possess the physical power to defend itself against its own emeritus professors. And it hesitates to call the police, for its instinctive responses were formed in a pre-revolutionary circumstance, when all accepted the "discussion" premise. Thus, when the Left ties up the Dean and hoists a red flag over the math building, the academy tries to re-institute "discussion." Like the fatuous Ad Hoc Faculty Committee at Columbia, it tries to *negotiate* with the revolutionaries. It offers concessions. Only to be met with escalating demands.

The Goal Is Power

For the goal of the revolutionaries is not the academic goal of truth but the political goal of power. Nothing could be more deceptive than the view put forward in the *Times* recently by James Q. Wilson, a Harvard political scientist, that the violence of the New Left is "expressive" rather than "instrumental"—that is, that they are letting off steam and do not have real political goals. Wilson's view is only an up-to-date variant of the familiar sentiment that Communists really don't exist. In fact, the new revolutionaries have the most concrete goals imaginable. In the universities they want to call the tune. Demands of all kinds are floated, *ad nauseam*: ROTC is obstructed, business and government recruiters are denied access to the students who wish to see them, visiting speakers are harassed to the point where only the hardiest non-Leftist will return. In trampling on the rights of the majority, the Left has learned the key lesson that anything may be dared, that any villainy will receive, at most, a polite slap on the wrist, and that any outrage will receive the moral support of at least a segment of the faculty.

But all the "protests" are merely preparatory to the real goal: a takeover. The Left wants control of admissions policy, control of faculty appointments and promotions, control of course offerings and of degree requirements, and control over the disposition of university funds. The universities are to sever all connections with our fascist imperialist government, thus crippling defense efforts; and they are to declare general war against the outer society. The universities are not to be a "dispersed capital" but a dispersed Sierra Maestre.

And make no mistake: Student Power, if attained, will not mean power for the majority of students. In Orwellian fashion, it will deny them any power at all. In reality it will mean a transfer of control of the small clique of Left activists who even now dominate "student" government and "stu-

[*]This Hitler comparison should be taken with the utmost seriousness, despite a natural temptation to dismiss it as an exotic aberration. The comparison involves not the descriptive but the intentional use of language. Chomsky and the boys do not mean that Stewart Udall presides over a system of extermination camps; rather, they mean to express their intentions toward the U.S.—i.e. they intend that the U.S. shall meet the fate of Hitler's Germany. Nothing could be more foolish than to dismiss people of this sort as cranks or to think of them as humorous fantasts. Chomsky is a professor at MIT; Steiner is a Schweitzer professor in the N.Y. State University.

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dent" journalism, and to a small faculty group more interested in revolution than in teaching and scholarship. Once in control, these people would, as a matter of course, purge all their opponents. And they would be impossible to dislodge short of a counterpurge which would be, in effect, a refounding of the institution.

The spearhead of the takeover is, as everyone knows, the SDS. In 1965 it formed a united front with the Communist youth groups. It now has chapters on over 250 campuses. The individuals who form SDS constitute anything but a cross-section of the American college population, and they are driven by esoteric furies. But their tactics are coldly calculated, and their goal is the humiliation and destruction of America, and the establishment of a totalitarian system. Some intimation of their moral quality can be gleaned from the manners of the revolutionaries who occupied President Kirk's office at Columbia: excrement in the wastebasket, obscenities scrawled on pictures of the president's family, filth and random destruction everywhere. One had thought that this sort of thing went out with Ilse Koch and her friends. In the behavior of the New Left there is something profoundly malignant and anti-human. One catches a whiff of the abyss.

And yet—the remedy is simple and available: automatic expulsion and criminal prosecution. After all, these "people" have contradicted the essential premise of the academy, they are trespassers, they are destroying property, they are guilty of assault. *Mirabile dictu*, the remedy is not used.

It may well be that to protect the public interest we will require legislation empowering public authority to take the initiative in maintaining order on the campus. The campus cannot remain an island outside the law, an inverted paradise of insurrection and outrage.

But the academy is only the current focus, the peculiarly vulnerable institution upon which the youthful Frankenstein of the Left tests his powers and perfects his skills. Other institutions will shortly come under attack — the courts, the police, the postal and wire services, the communications network, the energy grid, the transportation system. The SDS has contemplated a plan to attack the Democratic Convention in Chicago and try to wrest concessions from the candidates. And of course a sustained attempt will be made by the Left to destroy the morale of the community through various kinds of outrage—obscenity, physical violence, arson; all of this to be accompanied by demonstrations, parades, and intensive propaganda.

It may well be that sustained assault of this kind can render our traditional system unworkable, for the system presumes a rough sort of consensus as well as a minimum of civility and mutual trust. Yet America is now feeling the first shock-waves of a world revolution which has rendered parliamentary government unworkable in most Western countries. There is no way of telling, on present form, whether American institutions can muster the strength to defeat this internal enemy: to resist at all, they will have to be willing to meet force with force, and, to say the least, the confrontation will be bloody. Yet the sooner the necessary measures are taken, the better the chances of holding the violence to some sort of minimum.

It may be that our traditional institutions are already so attenuated that they will give way, as many of our colleges and universities have already done. Reflect upon the traditional sources of stability: family, church, school, court of law—who can say confidently that these are now functioning and in good health? And if they aren't, what of the larger social entities? Though we may hope that they are not, the bourgeois era and its characteristic forms may be coming to an extremely violent conclusion.

Still, if it retains any modicum of wisdom, the Left really should hope—secretly—that its destructive efforts fail. For if the infrastructure collapses, if the intermediate institutions crumble—as they have done now and then in Europe in our time—then nothing can protect the physical existence of the Left from the abrupt, radical reimposition of order from above. □

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And gauge your chances on a bet;
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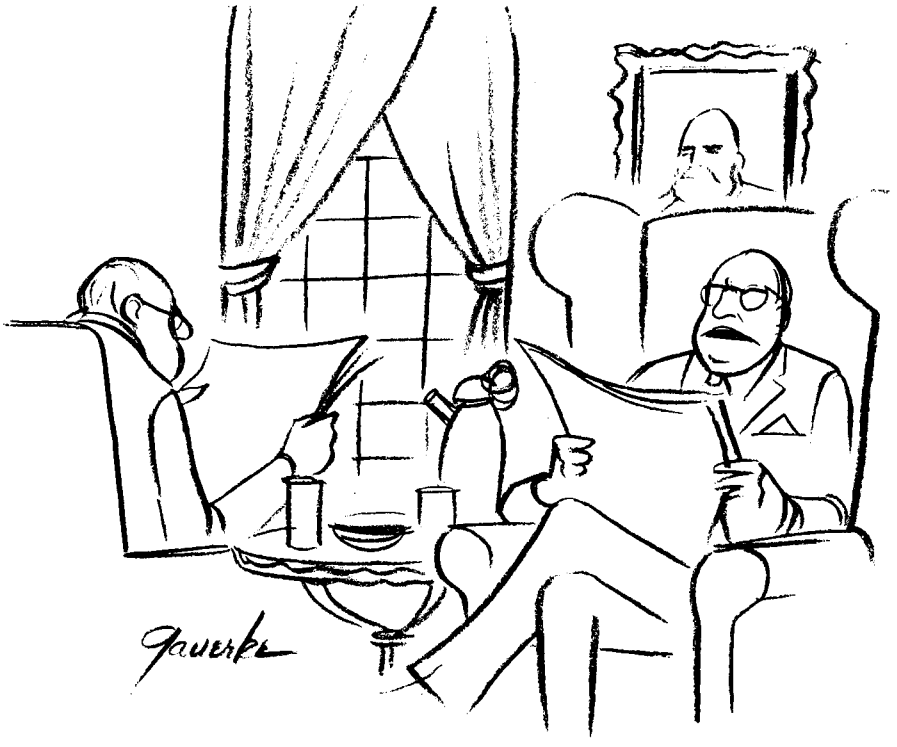
A missile's speed, a thrust of jet,
Relentlessly automatize
The lives we live, the goals we set.
But no machines can love, be wise,
Regret, forgive, forget—*not yet!*

CORINNA MARSH



"I'd support Nixon, but I'd hate to miss the chance to vote against Rockefeller."

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APOSTLE OF CHAOS

Meanwhile in Europe, student revolutionaries are pointing the way for their U.S. counterparts. Here comes the man who inspired it all, on a wave of rebellion from Germany

MARCUSE AND THE GERMAN NEW LEFT

KURT GLASER

THE STUDENTS, teachers and university hangers-on who have achieved notoriety through riots at Berkeley, Wisconsin, and more recently at Columbia, are part of a loose international movement. This movement has left its scar on England; it has convulsed France, and currently it dominates the political scene at most West German universities. Student affairs at the Free University at Berlin are largely controlled by the Left, the most militant sector of which is the *Sozialistischer Deutscher Studentenbund,* whose leader, Rudi Dutschke, was shot and seriously wounded April 11, 1968.

The more flamboyant exploits of the German "New Left" have included mass demonstrations against the Shah of Iran during his state visit in June, 1967, and the notorious Communarde leaflet celebrating the Brussels department-store fire (in which over 100 were burned to death) as a Maoist coup and suggesting What Fun a similar Happening in Berlin would afford. The attack on Dutschke provided the excuse for something the New Leftists have wanted to stage for a long time: a wholesale attack on the newspapers of Axel Springer, which are strongly anti-Communist and have not dealt kindly with student radicals. Mobs of students succeeded in blocking part of Springer's circulation in Berlin and six West German cities for a day or two, at a cost of two deaths, hundreds of injuries and arrests, and an immense amount of property damage.

The New Left has capitalized on two genuine and deep-flowing trends in German student opinion. One of these is the demand for basic reform of university administrative structures and teaching practices, which have not

changed substantially since the days of Wilhelm von Humboldt. The German university is a confederation of little kingdoms, each ruled by an Ordinarius (full professor), who teaches whatever he pleases within his general field and dictates the futures and even the opinions of a number of *Assistenten.* These are younger scholars who have completed their doctorates, and whose experience would qualify them as assistant or even associate professors in the United States, but who have little opportunity for independent teaching and research until their "Habilitation" —a process that includes writing a second dissertation supervised by the Ordinarius. Full professors belong automatically to the university senate, where they have an overwhelming majority, since other ranks are represented only by a handful of elected delegates. Reform proposals include the democratization of decision making, an equalization of status, as well as curriculum changes to assure more meaningful professional and general education.

The second trend is one of protest against the inanities of bourgeois life as shaped by Erhard's "economic miracle": a revolt against meaningless affluence. It is not, as Rolf Zundel points out (*Die Zeit,* June 16, 1967), a struggle against a repressive social order—since modern society is rapidly losing even its necessary powers of repression —but rather "a search for identifications to replace the traditional symbols of the nation, the state, and political parties." The need for new archetypes reflects an ideological vacuum, the existence of which is confirmed by conservative as well as radical intellectuals. In the United States, where intellectual and political argument is marked by competition of ideologies, this vacuum is less evident, except in sectors where disillusioned liberalism is collapsing faster than a resurgent conservatism can replace it.

An attempt to diagnose fully the causes of the ideological vacuum in Germany would raise issues beyond the scope of this article. At least one of its major causes, and perhaps the major cause, however, lies in the image of twentieth-century history that sets the conceptual framework and psychological limits for contemporary German policy. This *Geschictsbild von Nürnberg,* as its adherents (such as Walther Hofer) unabashedly call it, was imposed on the Germans by the Allied

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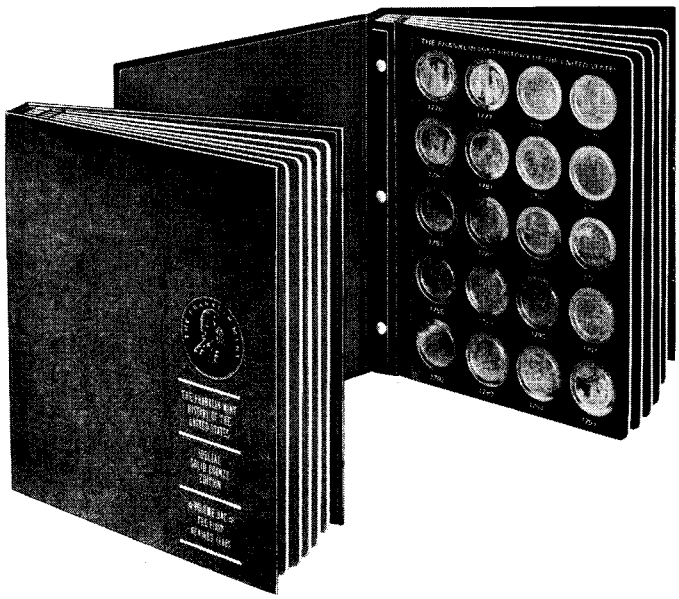

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military government. Its central thesis holds that, because Adolf Hitler started hostilities by attacking Poland, he and the Germans who obeyed him bear the exclusive guilt and responsibility for World War II. The judges at Nuremberg, and the postwar historians who rose to professorial chairs by rationalizing their verdict, exhumed the Kellogg Pact from the dustbin of history to rule out any consideration of causes or justifications for war inherent in the Versailles Treaty and Allied measures to enforce it, or of Allied political policies during World War II—factors that would raise the issue of Allied coresponsibility for the present state of affairs. Although few believe in the Kellogg Pact as a *true* ethical mandate —its non-application to India in the Goa affair, to Indonesia in the conquest of West New Guinea, to Israel in the Six Days' War, to African terrorists invading Rhodesia and Portugese territories, etc., etc., being notorious—it is nevertheless invoked in the case of Germany as an efficient concept to forbid any critical analysis of recent history and to condemn, as not only imprudent but *immoral,* any use of force to achieve national reunification.

Irrational Roots

Another carryover from wartime propaganda that has paralyzed German political thinking is unquestioning acceptance of the Communist identification of National Socialism and fascism as "Rightist" movements—as political systems not only competitive with but antithetical to Communism. Since conservative nationalism and libertarian individualism share the "Right" end of this falsified scale—which rests upon the strict exclusion of all concrete ethical criteria such as life, freedom, or property—they are linked with collectivist - totalitarian movements with which they have nothing in common. At the same time Communism, because it is "anti-Nazi" (an abbreviation that sweeps the socialist component of National Socialism under the carpet), acquires an intellectual respectability that survives any amount of practical experience with Communist behavior.

These errors that form the foundation of a wide area of German social science are defended with a tenacity which bespeaks both their irrational roots and their value as vested interests of an entire generation of scholars. Academic preferment being controlled by those who are already professors, the Nuremberg theory of history remains unchallenged except for 1) unreconstructed nationalists, who have nothing to lose since they are already an out-group, and 2) Americans who risk the brickbats of German intellectual controversy. Concepts such as the nation, patriotism, national interest, *Heimatrecht* (right to live in one's traditional homeland), liberation, power, discipline, and sacrifice—central operational terms for any policy other than passive submission to a Kremlin-dictated status quo and quite acceptable when applied to African or Asian problems—are *verboten* in the discussion of German questions, since they are "Far Right" and hence "Nazi."

With honorable exceptions, non-Marxist German intellectuals of the first postwar generation muzzled themselves with a self-imposed Newspeak, and the "democracy" they preached proved unable to answer the crucial questions of German national (and ultimately personal) existence. The attractiveness of East European Marxism-Leninism was at the same time limited, both by the patent drabness of the German Democratic Republic and by a lack of ecumenicity on the part of Ulbricht and his associates, who shunned dialogues that threatened to slip out of control. As the excitement of the cold war gave way to the treacherous comfort of coexistence, the ideological hunger of intellectually rootless students had reached a point where they were ready to "try anything." It was against this background that the naturalized American professor Herbert Marcuse emerged as the long-sought-for prophet of the New Left at a congress in Heidelberg in 1964.

Marcuse, the son of well-to-do Berlin parents, studied philosophy and aesthetics, completing his doctorate at Freiburg in 1922. After serving as Heidegger's assistant, he joined the Frankfurt Institute of Social Research, where Fromm, Horkheimer, and their group were developing a neo-Marxist and Freudian methodology for the social criticism of mature capitalism. Marcuse came to the United States in 1932, working in various research institutes (including the transplanted Frankfurt institute) and serving in the Office of Strategic Services and the Department of State from 1941 to 1950. In 1954 he joined the faculty of Brandeis University, where he was professor of politics and philosophy until his recent move to the University of California at La Jolla.

Marcuse is known among political theorists for his *Reason and Revolution* (New York, 1941), an explication of Hegel, and among social psychologists for *Eros and Civilization* (Boston, 1955). The latter book mobilizes Freud's own findings to challenge the Freudian thesis that sexual repression is the necessary foundation of civilization and to project a society based on gratification rather than sublimation of the libido. His current prestige with the New Left, however, derives from the more recent *One-Dimensional Man* (Boston, 1964; Berlin, 1967) and the essay "Repressive Tolerance," which first appeared as the last chapter in Woolf, Moore, and Marcuse, *A Critique of Pure Tolerance* (Boston, 1965) and has achieved wide circulation in Germany. "Repressive Tolerance," the more popular of the two writings since it is shorter and easier to read, is widely cited by both the Left and its critics as an action manifesto for street brawlers and stagers of Happenings designed to shock.

In *One-Dimensional Man*, Marcuse attacks contemporary industrial society with a criticism that is Marxist in structure, but abandons the economics of *Das Kapital* for a series of psychological strictures reminiscent of Freud, Riesman, and Vance Packard. Although the facts of excessive permissiveness are obvious, Marcuse claims that modern society is totalitarian, subjecting its members to "non-terroristic economic-technical coordination which operates through the manipulation of needs by vested interests." Because economic needs are influenced and to some degree created by advertising and social pressure, Marcuse concludes that they are spurious and stultify development of the individual. The vital needs for food, clothing, and lodging should, he declares, take absolute priority over all other needs, so that every person can be guaranteed "economic freedom": *freedom from having to earn a living.* The unstated but inescapable corollary of this proposition is that resources should not be wasted on yachts, art galleries, or symphony orchestras until worldwide victory over poverty has been achieved.

Admitting that Marx's economic predictions were wrong, Marcuse berates

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capitalism because of its very success. With higher wages, fringe benefits, mass-produced luxuries, and union-management cooperation (*peccatum contra spiritum sanctum* in Marcuse's book), the bourgeoisie has bribed the proletariat into abandoning its revolutionary role. By rising from filth and poverty and becoming absorbed in technological society, the worker loses the autonomy he had as a member of a group embodying "the refutation of the established society." After taking what first seems to be a neutral stance condemning both capitalist and socialist regimentation, Marcuse then credits the Soviet Union with the greater ultimate capacity for change, since in the absence of private ownership "the ruling strata are themselves separable from the productive process." Once "distribution according to need" (full Communism) has been achieved, "the executive and supervisory functions would no longer carry the privilege of ruling the life of others in some particular interest." In imagining that "distribution according to need" is possible without a bureaucracy to determine (and in practice to manipulate) the need, Marcuse evinces a naive optimism about the "withering away of the state" that was abandoned long ago by the Soviet leadership.

Overthrow Existing Society

Moving toward his central theme, Marcuse develops a theory of culture based on the premise that authentic art must not become involved in reality, but must transcend and oppose it. Earlier Western culture, he writes, was two-dimensional: its authentic works expressed conscious and methodical alienation from business and industry. (Here, he misses the point altogether: business and industry were peripheral activities in medieval and early modern society, which devoted its principal attention *and* its art to religion, fighting, and lovemaking.) Citing Brecht, Marcuse proclaims that the proper function of literature is to negate the existent, while that of poetry is to evoke the non-existent. He returns to firmer ground in his chapters on linguistics, in which he criticizes the functional language of modern business and government for domesticating and operationalizing transcendental concepts and castigates the logical positivists for rejecting all metaphysics, transcendentalism, and idealism as obscurantist and regressive modes of thought. Yet in his optimism about the solution of human problems through collectivist programs, which in some mystic fashion are to be accomplished without "administration" (which Marcuse hates), he ignores the transcendent evil that cannot be exorcised from human nature.

The essence of Marcuse's teaching is the doctrine that liberation of the individual from unnatural restraints requires the total overthrow of existing society and its institutions. This in turn depends upon a "catastrophe," the culmination of a "transcendent project" which takes off from the existing level of material and intellectual culture but "falsifies the established totality by demonstrating its own higher rationality." Since industrial workers are no longer available as a revolutionary force, Marcuse turns to what Marx used to call the *Lumpenproletariat*: "the substratum of the outcasts and outsiders, the exploited and persecuted of other races and other colors, the unemployed and the unemployable." While prospects for destroying the existing structure seem dim at present, individuals seeking liberation can practice the Great Refusal, namely personal secession from society, reinforced by disobedience and sabotage.

Marcuse's shorter piece, "Repressive Tolerance," is in essence a neo-Sorelian exhortation to violence. It begins with the proposition that since contemporary society (in practice Western society) is repressive and war-oriented, its use of tolerance as a shock absorber—for instance by granting freedom of speech within the established order—is likewise repressive. Marcuse calls for the formation of a "subversive majority," which would deny freedom of speech and assembly to movements that "promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, discrimination on the grounds of race and religion, or which oppose the extension of public services, social security, medical care, etc." He would also prohibit "collusion" between union leadership and management, which obscures the true antagonism of class interests.

Enemies to the Right

Observing that the historical function of revolutionary violence differs from that of "reactionary" (presumably anti- or counter-revolutionary) violence, Marcuse calls for "a policy of unequal treatment . . . intolerance against movements from the Right, and toleration of movements from the Left." The payoff comes in a paragraph at the end of the essay, which is worth quoting in full:

> But I believe that there is a "natural right" of resistance for oppressed and overpowered minorities to use extralegal means if the legal ones have proved to be inadequate. Law and order are always and everywhere the law and order which protect the established hierarchy; it is nonsensical to invoke the absolute authority of this law and this order against those who suffer from it and struggle against it—not for personal advantages and revenge, but for their share of humanity. There is no other judge over them than the constituted authorities, the police, and their own conscience. If they use violence, they do not start a new chain of violence, but try to break an established one. Since they will be punished, they know the risk, and when they are willing to take it, no third person and least of all the educator and intellectual, has the right to preach them abstention.

In other words, violence is non-violence and disorderly conduct is orderly when committed in the name of a "minority," such as Negroes, anti-Shah Persians, or "the Vietnamese people."

Although Marcuse is an outspoken revolutionary, he is clearly not a Communist, since he is grossly guilty of what the Party considers "formalism" in his approach to aesthetics. The net effect of his writings, however, helps the Communists and their sympathizers, who most frequently have concrete is-

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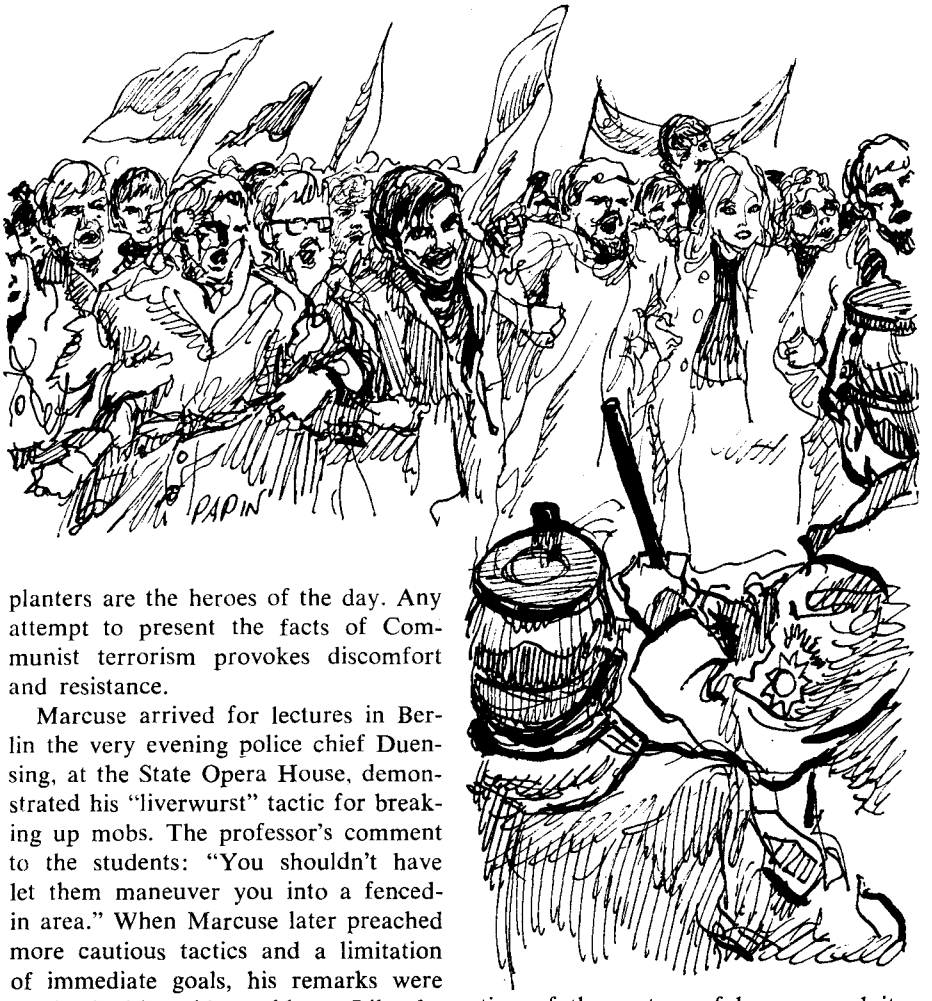
sues and programs, while Marcuse is totally vague about the new society he proposes to construct. (The writer spent an evening with Berlin students, who expounded at length on the need for a total re-organization of society, but failed to produce a single specific idea on the subject.) The practical effect of this undirected activism is a syndrome of utter credulity—a willingness to take to the streets on any issue that packs an emotional punch, without stopping to learn the facts. This, as Gustave LeBon pointed out long ago in his *La Psychologie des Foules,* is a prime attribute of mass or mob behavior.

It was thus possible for the anti-Shah "Federation of Iranian Students" to enlist mass (and in Berlin official) student support for a series of demonstrations highly embarrassing to the German government. Actually, many of the Iranian protesters were the sons of feudal landlords whose vested interests were hurt by redistribution of land to farmers. Communists had entered into a tactical alliance with these "reactionary" elements to derail the Shah's program of evolutionary reform, education, and development. These facts were not brought into the discussion. A demonstration in favor of objective inquiry would be a dull affair, and (as LeBon also observed) crowds are moved by categorical rather than qualified statements. The issue was complicated by three circumstances: 1) the Berlin and Hamburg police had been trained for "counterinsurgency" operations against Communist-led mobs and therefore inflicted unnecessary injuries; 2) a contingent of Iranian secret police, sent to Germany to protect the Shah against expected assassination attempts, led pro-Shah demonstrators and attacked the students with the ostentatious non-interference of German authorities; and 3) the Springer newspapers, which control 70 per cent of the daily circulation in West Berlin, fostered a hysterical public reaction against students in general. The upshot was that even conservative students pledged solidarity with the Left, while the student Benno Ohnesorg, slain by a Berlin policeman, became a national martyr.

The Vietnam war has been a more permanent outlet for leftist energy. Since the United States is identified with the "Establishment," sympathy is automatically on the side of the Vietcong, whose guerrilla fighters and bomb



planters are the heroes of the day. Any attempt to present the facts of Communist terrorism provokes discomfort and resistance.

Marcuse arrived for lectures in Berlin the very evening police chief Duensing, at the State Opera House, demonstrated his "liverwurst" tactic for breaking up mobs. The professor's comment to the students: "You shouldn't have let them maneuver you into a fenced-in area." When Marcuse later preached more cautious tactics and a limitation of immediate goals, his remarks were received with sudden coldness. Like the sorcerer's apprentice, he had started something that could not be stopped.

If Professor Marcuse seems unaware of the direction in which his innocent revolutionism must lead, the same cannot be said of those who carry his precepts into action, such as Rudi Dutschke of the German SDS or his American contemporary Carl Davidson of Students for a Democratic Society (another SDS), whose programmatic speech printed in the *National Guardian* of November 11, 1967, replicates Marcusian ideas. In his introduction to the German edition of Che Guevara's pamphlet, *The Battle Cry Is To Create Two, Three . . . Many Vietnams,* Dutschke explains quite correctly that only two alternate outcomes of the Vietnam struggle are historically possible. One of these is the launching of the "process of total liberation from war, hunger, inhumanity, and manipulation" (meaning a rapidly expanding Communist offensive after the fall of Vietnam), with the final objective of the Third World (Lin Piao's "world village" idea). The other is "restoration of the system of human exploitation," which under present United States policies means (but need not necessarily mean) containment of Communism along more or less the present line.

A conclusion that Dutschke and other leftists appear to have drawn from Marcuse's characterization of permitted freedom as repressive is that any protest movement worth its salt *must* engage in violence. If it is peaceful and law-abiding, bourgeois society will absorb and emasculate it. Dutschke himself introduced the tactic derived from this principle. While the SDS congress was meeting in Frankfurt last September, he led a contingent of some 200 delegates which stormed and occupied the America House with the objective of preventing a panel discussion of the Vietnam war. Since the Frankfurt police removed the demonstrators with tenderness appropriate for a shipment of Dresden china, the demonstration was a failure. The students lay in the gutter outside the America House for a while, but when nobody paid attention they went home. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

EUROPE ON THE BRINK

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

SPECTERS FROM THE PAST are haunting Europe again today, specters of Communism and militant nationalism, of the clenched fist and violence in the streets. Paris, Rome, Berlin, Brussels—city after city, during these last few weeks, has seen steel-helmeted police clashing with slogan-shouting, stone-throwing mobs. Anybody old enough to remember the 1930s might well feel a shiver down the spine.

France, of course, is the country which so far has come nearest to the brink, nearest to the point where people might wake up one morning to find themselves in the middle of a real revolution and next morning to find themselves beneath the iron heel. And it could still happen. The combination of Marxist students and Communist-oriented workers is, and is meant to be, revolutionary. The offical Communist Party seems to have been taken by surprise, and to have been reluctant at first to commit itself to a revolution which it was not controlling. The student leaders include some very curious ideological hybrids, from pure anarchists to former Katangese mercenaries. Just what's going on, what's being plotted, in the cellars under the Sorbonne, linked as they are with the vast network of ancient tunnels which spread out beneath Paris, nobody knows. But, though the anti-anti-Communists may sneer, General de Gaulle is certainly justified in warning that, if his Government falls, the beneficiary will be "totalitarian Communism."

The liberal intellectuals have been putting on their customary exhibition of suicidal folly. A friend of mine was shouted down at the Cannes International Film Festival when he ventured to suggest that it was neither helpful nor in accordance with the principles of free speech to make "a gesture of solidarity with the workers" by preventing any more movies from being shown. And the politicians from the non-Communist Left seem anxious only to be up to their old tricks again.

In these circumstances one must hope profoundly that General de Gaulle can pull it off. Personally I find nothing distasteful about being on the General's side. His disruption of the Western Alliance, his anti-Americanism, his oddly ambiguous flirtation with Russia and China—these I regard as mistaken and dangerous. But he is unquestionably a great man who has done much for France; his success is just what his opponents most resent. To gloat because the jackals are now snapping at his heels would be petty-minded and ignoble. To welcome the prospect of what he himself ironically described as "the delights of anarchy," let alone the threat of totalitarian Communism, would be monstrous.

Britain so far has felt only gusts and eddies on the edge of the storm. There have been a few ugly riots, notably the one outside the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square; there have been outbreaks of trouble, most of them fairly minor, in a number of colleges and universities; and disillusionment with Harold Wilson's government has generated political cynicism. But the electorate as a whole is moving to the right, not to the left, and the disgruntled workers have no time for long-haired student revolutionaries.

The BBC, typically, has just imported a dozen student leaders from various countries (including one Lewis Cole, from Columbia) and allowed them to preach their gospel in a major television program. They made a pilgrimage to the grave of Karl Marx in Highgate Cemetery, where they brandished their fists and sang, very badly, the Internationale. But the spectacle was ludicrous rather than frightening.

The most alarming thing about it was the pusillanimity of the authorities, who, having at first told the French student leader, Daniel Cohn-Bendit (known as Danny the Red) that he could stay only for 24 hours, caved in and allowed him to stay for two weeks when he threatened otherwise not to appear in the program.) Every such incident—and there have been several—increases the arrogance of the young revolutionaries.

But, as they become more arrogant and as organizations like the BBC grovel in front of them, they reveal themselves more openly. Their purpose is now quite explicit. They want, not just to reform the universities, but to overthrow capitalist society. Among their stated objectives are the expropriation of private property and the prohibition of all non-socialist parties. They link hands with the student rebels from Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia (the BBC imported some of them, too) in objecting to the Russian and East European regimes, not because these are Communist, but because their Marxism is insufficiently pure.

Student revolt is a worldwide phenomenon and its causes are complex. But the greatest blame, in my view, attaches neither to the ignorant and gullible young, mouthing their Marxist jargon, nor to the professional agitators, but to the profoundly silly adults who have encouraged them; to the university authorities who have condoned their behavior, to the commentators who have treated their half-digested philosophy with respect, to the intellectuals who have gaily expounded the virtues of civil disobedience, of anarchy, of revolution.

Everybody's Going Sane

The whole structure of orderly society seems to be crumbling around us. Civilized people have suddenly become very pessimistic about the future. I, on the other hand, am suddenly more optimistic. Of course the world is in a dreadful state, but it's been in a dreadful state and getting worse for a long while. Of course the rebellious students are intolerable, but they've been intolerable and getting worse for a long while. The only difference is that people are beginning to wake up to the danger.

Britain's Labor Government has not woken up. What could be more absurd than to allow Danny the Red to come and go freely, while at the same time hindering the passage of peaceful Rhodesians? But the row which these follies have provoked is encouraging. The Conservative Party, not the Labor Government, speaks for the British public in such matters. A lot of people are saying that the Government seems to have gone quite mad—which, I hope and believe, means that a lot of people have gone sane. □

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POLITICAL ASSASSINATION

TWO HISTORICAL TYPES

WILL HERBERG

THE DAY AFTER Senator Robert F. Kennedy was felled by an assassin's bullet, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. delivered himself of the following portentous indictment of the American character in the course of an address at the commencement exercises of the City College of the University of New York on June 6, 1968:

> [Americans are] a violent people with a violent history, and the instinct for violence has seeped into the bloodstream of our national life. . . . We are today the most frightening people on this planet. . . . It is almost as if a primal curse had been fixed on our nation. . . .

Mr. Schlesinger was not the only cosmic commentator-in-a-hurry to tell the world what a sinister people these Americans were. Journalists and political leaders of Western nations found a not unwelcome opportunity for combining their envious anti-Americanism with a high moral posture, and self-righteously denouncing those barbarous Americans sunk in wickedness and infected with evil. And why? What was the ground for this sweeping indictment? Not last year's racial riots, which challenged the very structure of law and order and brought about the destruction of so much life and property. That they could "explain," and therefore virtually justify, in the corrupt "liberal" logic by a reference to the slum conditions of ignorance and poverty that were supposed to have produced the riots. No; their frantic indictment of the American people was on the basis of a foreigner's (a Jordanian, a recent refugee not even a naturalized citizen) having raised his hand against Senator Kennedy, who had infuriated him by his consistent support of the State of Israel! That, mind you, was renewed proof of the deep and ineradicable strain of violence in the character of the American people. So Mr. Schlesinger, the professional "deep thinker"; so, too, the minor sages parading in the columns of the press throughout the world.

But how, after all, shall we understand the series of political murders, not very numerous though they may be in our history, from the assassination of Abraham Lincoln in 1865 to the assassination of John F. Kennedy in 1963, to the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy only yesterday. Actually, there are two very different types of political assassination involved and the distinction between them is of primary importance.

1. There is, first, the European, or *continental, type of political assassination*, in which the assassin murders in the name of a "cause," almost of an ideology. I am not suggesting that there necessarily has to be a plot or conspiracy involved; the assassin may be vindicating his cause all by himself, in lonely dedication, but it is a cause he is vindicating, or attempting to vindicate, by his nefarious act. Such was the case with John Wilkes Booth, who was vindicating the cause of the defeated Southern Confederacy; such was the case with Lee Harvey Oswald, who was (presumably) vindicating the cause of radical revolution; and such was the case with Sirhan Sirhan, the accused assassin of Senator Kennedy, who was *vindicating the Arab-Jordanian cause* against the Zionists and their American supporters. Such was even the case with Leon Czolgosz, the crazed radical who felled William McKinley in 1901 in the name of the anarchist revolution. Whatever the psychology of this kind of assassin may be, it is clear that he is striking a blow for the cause, or ideology, with which he feels himself identified. Despite the fact that it has occurred at least four times in the past hundred years of our history, this type of assassination has always been felt to be something alien to us, because we Americans feel it strange indeed to murder our political opponents in the name of a cause or ideology: we are far too unideological for that, and always, or almost always, have been so.

The one exception took place in the wake of the Civil War, the one and only occasion in our national history that the constitutional consensus binding us together broke down. On that occasion, we came closest to the deep ideological cleavage, passions, and hatreds of the Continent. But in the McKinley assassination, it was a foreign anarchist with a head full of crazed foreign ideologies. Even though Lee Harvey Oswald was a native American, his previous career had made him virtually a foreigner, operating with foreign ideas. And, of course Sirhan Sirhan slew Senator Kennedy in the name of a remote foreign cause which had so embittered the Jordanian's life. These were all, in their own way, "foreign quarrels" of which somehow an American statesman became, almost accidentally, the victim.

2. But there is a second type of political assassination that is of a very different kind. It might be called the American, or *frontier, type*. Here it is not a cause or ideology that animates the assassin, but the frontier vigilante notion of taking the law into your own hands. There is a deep contempt for the slow and uncertain processes of official law; that can be rectified only by taking your "trusty old gun" off the wall, and executing rough and ready justice at the end of the muzzle. This was once the only "justice" available on the frontier; it has remained over, in much corrupted form, in the lynch mob and in such assassinations as that perpetrated by Jack Ruby a few years ago.

Jack Ruby was (so he explained) indignant that so fine a man as his hero, John Kennedy, should have been laid low by such a creature as Lee Harvey Oswald; he felt he could not depend on the law to take its weak and unpredictable course, and so he, like the frontiersman of old, with whom he identified himself in his dreams, or nightmares, simply took the law into his own hands, and "executed" the malefactor.

This kind of assassination was once not uncommon, especially on the lower levels; it is understandably becoming more and more rare. But it still confronts us as a very different type, a frontier type, rough and ready, quick on the trigger, unideological.

What are the prospects? They are indeed ambiguous. One thing is fairly clear. The second type, the American or frontier type, is fast dying out. The frontier ethos never dominated the old established states; and with the nationalization, and urbanization, and industrialization, of the country, it is fast

(continues on p. 669)

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO BEAR ARMS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

Since Adam ate the apple, the per capita quantum of violence and potential violence in human society has remained, century in and century out, reasonably constant. Indeed, the third person in the world killed the fourth—or, if you prefer more secular images, primitively there was always present "continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

What has made the difference between the quantum of potential violence and actual violence has been the power of the moral authority of civilizations to inspire the members of society, and the firmness with which force has been exerted in defense of civilizations against external and internal barbarians. Against external barbarians, sometimes the moral authority of a great civilization has played a part, but primarily it has been force which has held the *limes*. Against internal barbarians, the problem has been more mixed, since a civilization with sufficient moral authority tends to civilize its internal barbarians.

The abysmal ignorance of history, as of the elements of political philosophy, that characterizes so much of the political and intellectual leadership of the United States today is all that can explain, although it does not excuse, the torrent of nonsense about "violence" with which we have been assailed these past days and weeks and months. The simple knee-jerk reactions that pass for high political wisdom might be understandable in a local official of the League of Women voters; they are proclamations of bankruptcy when they come from men of supposed political or intellectual sophistication.

Violence is bad? Of course: then let us do away with it. Problem; solution: instant Utopia. Guns kill people? Put government control on guns: domestic peace in our time.

Despite its appealing simplicity, this enthymeme conceals a double fallacy. In the first place, violence is not always evil *per se*. In the public sphere it is morally legitimate when employed to resist or overthrow tyranny. In the private sphere it is equally legitimate when employed against criminal incursion upon life or property. For the latter purpose it may fall into desuetude in times when, unlike our own, the constituted authorities are able to keep crime and riot under control. But it is always a residual right, and in times like ours it becomes the citizen's duty to use violence when necessary in his own defense and the defense of his family.

The second fallacy is that weapons or the accessibility of weapons creates violence. Violence, for good or ill, arises from the souls of men. Gun control would have no more effect ultimately upon the quantum of domestic violence than disarmament agreements have had upon the prevalence of warfare. Indeed, in the one case as in the other, the logical effect is only to strengthen the bad guys and weaken the good guys. It was Nazi Germany that was armed, it was Britain and the United States that were disarmed, in 1939. If gun-control legislation at any level were to be enacted in this country, it would be the criminals, the rioters, the insurrectionists, who would find illegal means of procuring weapons; it would be the solid citizens who would be disarmed.

These are the considerations, derived from a philosophical understanding of the nature of man and from practical experience, that make nonsense of the hysterical clamor for gun control now emanating from the serried megaphones of the Establishment. It is a clamor that might be ignored if the basic law of the land were still respected by the judiciary, if the Constitution had not become a paper document to be manipulated into its opposite by the Warren Court. The Founding Fathers whose wisdom was based upon theory and experience, tried almost 200 years years ago to defend the United States against such mischievous incitations to tyranny and crime as are invited by a disarmed citizenry. Boldly and unequivocally, the First Congress and the states, in the Second Amendment to the Constitution (Article II of the Bill of Rights), proclaimed that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall no be infringed."

THE constitutional principle is strong and sweeping, so strong and sweeping that even the present Supreme Court, one hopes, will not be able to work its sinuous way around it—should Congress prove to be so subject to utopian pressure as to pass legislation defying it. The key word is "infringe," and there can be no doubt in common sense or in law that any proposals for registration are direct infringements of the free citizen's right to keep and bear arms. If I may paraphrase an old maxim: the power to regulate is the power to destroy. The patently unconstitutional Sullivan Act in New York State has shown, in its administration over the years, that registration of firearms (in this case of concealable weapons) has made it next to impossible for anyone legally to possess such arms. Criminals and insurrectionists, of course, get hold of them easily. Even the prohibition of sales by mail, while it is less integrally objectionable than registration, seems to be of doubtful constitutionality.

An unarmed citizenry is potentially the victim, first of anarchy, then of tyranny and totalitarianism. The present campaign to infringe the right to keep and bear arms is a utopian assault upon the freedom of American citizens—an assault scornful of the testimony of history, the counsels of morality, and the express mandate of the Constitution. □

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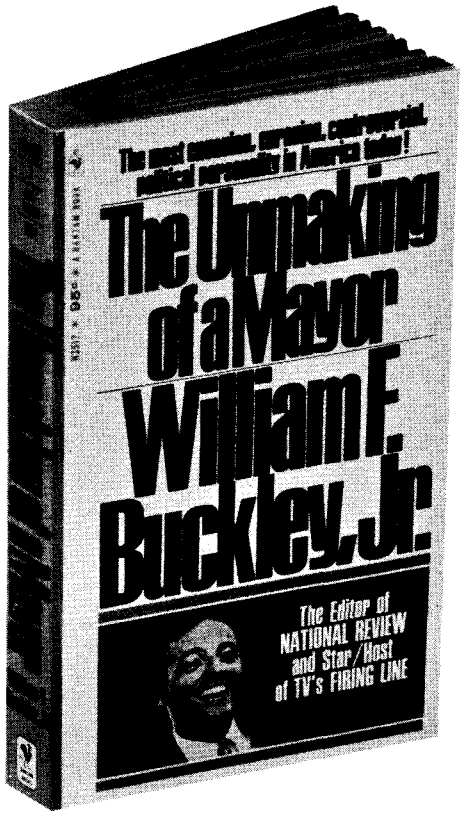
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The Republican Outlook

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

The Future of Conservatism: From Taft to Reagan and Beyond
By M. Stanton Evans
Holt, $5.95

If any doubt remained that the Christian injunction to love one's neighbor is still honored in the land, that doubt should surely be dispelled by the ocean of tears America's liberal pundits annually shed over the plight of the Republican Party, and the rivers of ink they regularly expend on suggestions to strengthen and improve it. From Walter Lippmann, alone up there in the empyrean, down through James Reston, Richard Rovere, Tom Wicker, David Broder, Robert Novak, Marianne Means and a host of others, all the way to Drew Pearson, writers who obviously prefer the Democratic Party and its liberal policies are forever bemoaning the manifest weaknesses of the GOP and rushing forward with proposals to succor it.

Oddly enough—or perhaps not so oddly, since after all these people are human too—their proposals almost always involve turning the Republican Party into a Xerox copy of the Democratic Party, and thus into a convenient alternative vehicle for the realization of their own liberal aims. The coin, as it were, is to have heads on both sides, so that—however it lands—liberalism will always win the flip. Naturally this sort of thing gets noticed, and it is undoubtedly why most Republicans tend to be a little chary of the advice so generously proffered—rather like a frail but wealthy aunt who unobtrusively pours into the potted geraniums the toddy mixed for her by her nephew and sole heir.

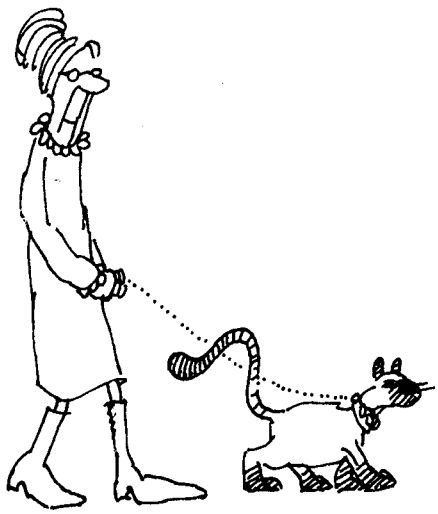
It is a welcome change, therefore, when a writer who is an avowed Republican, and a conservative one at that, turns his attention to the problem of making his party a success at the polls. M. Stanton Evans is well known to conservatives as the youthful editor of the *Indianapolis News* and the author of such previous works as *Revolt on the Campus, The Liberal Establishment* and *The Politics of Surrender*. In his new book he focuses directly on the future of the Republican Party, which (as the title indicates) he rightly equates with the foreseeable future of political conservatism in America.

Evans, too, has noted the liberals' solicitude for the health of the GOP, and he has some sharp things to say about it. They are, for example, forever insisting that they merely want to teach Republicans how to *win*. But these liberals, Evans points out, "are equally as hostile to conservative Republicans who *win* as they are to those who lose—indeed, a great deal more so," citing Ronald Reagan as one example. (Reagan, it will be recalled, trounced a Democratic incumbent by a million votes for the governorship of California in 1966 while Nelson Rockefeller, that darling of the "want-to-win" crowd, was squeaking back into the Executive Mansion in Albany with 44 per cent of the ballots cast.) "The professed object," Evans concludes, "is to save the Republican Party by injecting it with liberalism; the real object is to save liberalism by injecting it with the Republican Party."

Very well then, but the Republican Party obviously needs *some* new guidelines; does Evans have any to offer? He does indeed. Turning first to the question, "Is there a conservative—or liberal—majority?" he points out that there are in fact half a dozen majorities in our complex society, and that several of them are squarely conservative. The famed "urban explosion," hailed as insuring a liberal plebescitary majority, is actually a "*sub*-urban explosion" with exactly the opposite tendency. The ideological majority, as reported by Dr. Gallup himself, is surprisingly conservative in its preoccupations and convictions—and this quite independently of party affiliation. The intellectual majority is something else again; but even here Evans detects significant shifts, with many well-known liberals coming to recognize at last the wisdom of conservative warnings against excessive federal power. As for the congressional majority and the Electoral College majority, they are traditionally so conservative that only the century-long backlash of the Civil War has held enough conservative Southern states in the Democratic column to keep the two-party system alive.

And thereby hangs a large part of the tale. Liberals have won so many elections in the past forty years that they have understandably come to think of themselves as nationally popular. But the truth is they couldn't have won any of them, bar one or two of Roosevelt's, let alone controlled the Congress for a day, without the help of basically conservative Southern Democrats. And in 1963, when the armies of liberalism were under heavy attack, an assassin's bullet gave them what may well have been, ironically, the only thing that could have saved them: a Southern President.

Today, when the South is at last awaking from its long trance and threatens to vote its convictions rather than its emotions, the liberals are shrill in their denunciation of any Republican disposed to accept Southern support. Only liberals, it seems, can dine with such lepers without fear of taint. Simultaneously, a frantic effort has been made to enfranchise millions of illiterate Southern Negroes, in the desperate hope that they will arrive at the polls, like Blucher at Waterloo, before the coming of the night.



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But the truth is that the old Democratic coalition (Mencken, nearly half a century ago, called it "two gangs of natural enemies in a precarious state of symbiosis") is falling apart like the one-hoss shay. Southerners and intellectuals, Negroes and blue-collar workers are at each others' throats, and nothing now can hold them together in one party for long. With their fragmentation, the Republican liberals will lose what little excuse they once had for existing—as they have already lost the leaders and the will that once muscled the excuse. Surely, Evans argues, this is no time for the GOP to turn away from conservatism. There may be dark days ahead for the American society: the rioters in the streets, and those on the campuses, are not there for nothing. But establishmentarian liberalism is quite obviously not going to be the residuary beneficiary of the riots, whereas a conservatism unified at last could, in the teeth of that challenge, win and hold power in America with ease.

No one, incidentally, knows this better than the Presidential candidates, with the possible exception of the ethereal McCarthy. Humphrey maps a campaign strong on the old-fashioned virtues; Nixon and Rockefeller vie for the endorsement of a convention they both know will be perceptibly to the right of that of 1960 or any preceding year since the 1930s.

But over their shoulders, Evans glimpses a new face, on which many eyes are fixed. Nixon, Humphrey and Rockefeller alike have their roots in the older politics and stale controversies of the 1950s and the early 1960s. But in California—the very symbol of so much that is big and new in America—there has risen to prominence and power a man remarkably well equipped, and supremely determined, to articulate the concerns and convictions of America '68. In Ronald Reagan, says Evans, can be discerned "the inheritor of the conservative mantle, and a good deal more besides."

Not least among the charms of Evans' prose is its serenity. He is frankly partisan, but he never blows his cool; the opposition case is always fairly stated—and then neatly skewered with a wit whose dryness would do credit to a martini. Along the way the author scatters illustrations of his points from what is clearly a voluminous file—citing, for example, as a famous case of liberal distortion of the news, Austin Wehrwein's almost unbelievable misrepresentation (in the *New York Times,* no less) of a Rockefeller foray into hostile Illinois in September 1963.

Finally, since the art of book jackets deserves encouragement, too, I tip my hat to Don Ivan Punchatz for a truly original and well-executed example of this neglected genre. □

The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century: Religion, the Reformation, and Social Change

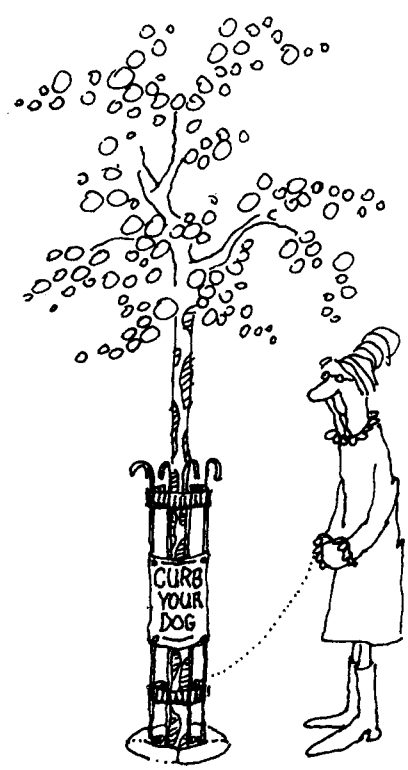
By H. R. Trevor-Roper

Harper, $8.95

SPECULATIVE AND IMAGINATIVE HISTORY

BRENTON H. SMITH

The least sophisticated reviewer knows better than to suggest that somebody else, however notable, should be doing his job. Still, I can't resist the thought that it would be intriguing for many of us to know the reaction of Arnold Toynbee on the subject of Hugh Trevor-Roper's latest publication, *The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century*. Involved here are two of the very best-known English historians. Several years ago Trevor-Roper, going over Toynbee's ten-volume *Study of History* with his usual piquancy, grudgingly indicated its enormous popularity by admitting that "as a dollar earner it ranks second only to whisky," but at the same time Trevor-Roper claimed that the work was untrue, illogical, and dogmatic. A masterpiece of obscurantism, it had a style alongside of which Hitler and his pseudo-philosopher Rosenberg would seem to be paragons of Gibbonian lucidity. It set up a gloomy table of rising and falling civilizations that reflected a deadly determinism and that could be agreeable only to someone with a mas-



ochistic urge for cultural suicide. Its one consolation was the proclamation of a new "mishmash" religion that combined in one faith the Virgin Mary, Mother Isis, St. Michael, Mithras, St. Peter, Muhammed, St. Augustine, and Jalal-ad-Din Mawlana. Presiding over all this dubious wonder as prophet and messiah, preposterously enough, was none other than the very egotistical Mr. Toynbee himself.

Trevor-Roper has no love for Toynbee. Yet the two men have their points in common. Both find adventure in thought. Both are very speculative and imaginative writers trying to examine the historical process in depth in a way that will be bewildering to more prosaic spirits content with day-to-day political narratives. Both aim at provocativeness rather than consensus. Neither is willing to have the historian's craft reduced to the dull regimen of cataloguing and re-cataloguing the trivia of human experience.

Trevor-Roper's book is hard to describe. It is not a unified history of a people or an age as a whole. Neither is it a collection of scattered articles on scattered subjects. Certainly it does not belong to the familiar genre of systematically aimless "essays presented to—or by—Professor X on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday." Instead, *The Crisis of the Seventeenth Century* turns out to be a series of self-contained but still very related studies dealing with Trevor-Roper's favorite topic, European and especially English culture in the sixteenth as well as the seventeenth century. In other books Trevor-Roper has wandered as far away as Hitler's Third Reich, but for the most part he has found it hard to resist the tug of the Tudor-Stuart period. Any writer can depend on the support of his ideological camp followers, but the strength of Trevor-Roper is that by his vigor and intellect he reaches his probable opponents. Any writer can depend on the interest of his colleagues in the same field, but the distinction of Trevor-Roper is that by his verve and enthusiasm he reaches people far outside of it. Inspired by no urgent desire to turn up a universal key for all historical secrets, he nonetheless wants to weigh a wide variety of forces and influences and to figure out how they acted upon one another.

He ties together witchcraft and mountainous geography. He looks into the habits of the witches and happily reports that English witches were nicer than continental witches in two significant ways: they did not copulate with the devil, and while continental witches subsisted on boiled children, exhumed corpses, fricassée of bat, and various parodies of the Host, English witches generally preferred beer and roast beef. In church matters he observes how English episcopacy and Scottish presbytery were rooted in distinctive national cultures. As for Cromwell,

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despite his military genius and his loyalty to parliamentary government in theory, we see him berated for his lack of political sense in falling victim to a small minority of religious fanatics known as Fifth Monarchy men. Regardless of appearances these men were really "a knot of Tammany demagogues, who concealed their sharp practices behind lachrymose Celtic oratory." But, generally speaking, Trevor-Roper does not present us with a cast of villains and heroes. He has his likes and dislikes but keeps them under control. Perhaps his supply of vitriol was at least temporarily exhausted during the earlier assault on Toynbee.

To a great extent the author is concerned to bring down rigidly constructed dogmatic systems without wishing to impose one of his own. He loathes determinism, whether designed by Calvin or Marx or anyone else. He is fond of the humanistic tradition that spreads out from Erasmus to Voltaire and sees in it the reliable friend of civilized man in his liberation from oppressive theories that would make him the mere creature of a cruel providence or a remorseless dialectic. But Trevor-Roper, despite occasional anti-clericalism, is not fundamentally antireligious. He appears to have a sympathy that ranges between a sort of deism and a none-too-literal Anglicanism. Since, in his period of historical interest, he seems to be saying that lay influence tended to make various churches decent and progressive, it would be tempting to ask him for his judgment on the many twentieth-century divines who complain that the laity is backward and obstructionist in both ethics and theology.

There can be no doubt about it: Trevor-Roper enjoys the role of debunker, or at the very least he enjoys being the ally of debunkers. Ruthlessly he goes after some of the pet theories of recent generations. When he finishes his job, he has managed to do what few others could do so well. He dismisses both the Weberites and the Marxians and sends them away empty-handed. He denies that Protestantism as a whole can be understood as a necessary manifestation of capitalism or that capitalism can be understood as a manifestation of Protestantism, especially Calvinist Protestantism. Turning on the Weberites, he argues that capitalism long antedated the Reformation and that in the sixteenth century there was no essential change in the character of the productive system, only an expansion of that system. Turning on the Marxians, he argues that until the opening decades of the sixteenth century Roman Catholicism and capitalism were getting along with each other quite congenially.

Erasmianism with its restraint on heavy-handed clericalism and with its open respect for the lay vocation was widely supported in Europe and might have encouraged further capitalist growth as much as any ethic that was to come later, but the Reformation and especially the Counter-Reformation changed things immensely and prevented or delayed the development of a more fully Erasmian society. Catholic countries, especially those dominated by Spain, witnessed a growth of burdensome and parasitic bureaucracies that interfered with normal commercial and intellectual change. Consequently, men of economic initiative, if they were to survive, had to flee elsewhere. It is this flight, often enriching the Calvinist North, which eventually gave the misleading impression that the ethic of Roman Catholicism was diametrically opposite to Calvinism on the subject of capitalism.

Meanwhile, regarding his own country, England, Trevor-Roper sees that the Marxists with their fixed *a priori* technique have decided in advance that somewhere they *must* find a capitalist revolution against decadent feudalism in order to vindicate the dialectical pattern, and so they grab hold of the Civil War of the 1640s. But as Trevor-Roper points out triumphantly, the great London merchants were royalists while a number of the great peers were to be found in the anti-royalist camp. In such confusion, the ideology is beginning to run amuck, and our author is hardly tearful about it. He is convinced beyond a doubt that the anti-royalist cause had its basis in no class of capitalists but in lesser provincial gentry that were tired of top-heavy centralized government.

And what again of Toynbee? What would he say to all this? Very possibly with a charitable air of condescension he would agree that Trevor-Roper, having a deep critical faculty, was no simple pedant incapable of seeing the forest for the trees. But at the same time, aware of his own mystical vision, he might suspect that Trevor-Roper is incapable of seeing the forest itself within the fullness of nature. □

The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, 1914-1944
Atlantic-Little, Brown, $8.95

PHILOSOPHER INTO LEFTIST SEXOLOGUE

PETER P. WITONSKI

Bertrand Russell is unquestionably the twentieth century's most notorious intellectual. He has succeeded where other mathematical logicians have failed, in combining a genuinely profound mind with a seemingly endless capacity for humbuggery, pettiness, and downright carnal lust. Few men have ever been so richly endowed with the ability to migrate effortlessly between the sublime world of philosophical contemplation and the often lurid netherworld of political and moral extremism.

All this is made vividly plain in the second volume of his autobiography, which might be conveniently subtitled "The Decline and Fall of Bertie Russell." It describes, with Rousseau-like candor, the steady deterioration of a vain and brilliant man; and painfully explains how the heuristic zeal and philosophic enterprise that marked his early years degenerated into tawdry controversialism and literary potboiling. With time, philosophy gave way to philodoxy, and the brilliant co-author of *Principia Mathematica* became a doctrinaire leftist and pedantic sexologue, whose pompous effusions on his sexual prowess vacillate between absurdity and blackguardism. When we read about the sordid treatment he dealt out to his various wives and mistresses, we are tempted to agree with the harsh judgment of D. H. Lawrence: "Do stop working and writing altogether," he challenged Russell, "and become a creature instead of a mechanical instrument. . . . Do for your very pride's sake become . . . a creature . . . and not a savant. . . ." It goes without saying that Russell vehemently rejected this suggestion.

But there is more to Bertrand Russell's character than his beastly temperament. Yes, he could be vile beyond the point of human indignation, but he could also be disarmingly kind and generous. His support of the impoverished T. S. Eliot, despite their profound political differences, is but one example of this kindness and generosity. At bottom Russell was a nineteenth-century Whig aristocrat, and he suffered from the vices and virtues of the breed. We only take special notice of his vices because he has displayed them so ostentatiously in an era when most of his peers are dead, and, perhaps, because he has so long advertised himself as an altruistic *amicus humani generis*. He does have many virtues, not the least of which is his monumental faculty for arousing interest in whatever he is doing; he is one of those rare individuals incapable of boring us. Even the most loathsome episodes in his autobiography are conveyed with a panache not often found in contemporary works of this kind.

The second volume of Russell's autobiography, while remaining a superior contribution to the genre, is a distinct falling off from the first volume, which described the young genius on the rise. It begins with the outbreak of World War I in 1914, when Russell was forty-two, and concludes in 1944, when he was seventy-

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two. Like the first volume, it is a mosaic of the author's own narrative and bunches of his correspondence. Unlike the first volume, however, most of the present volume is devoted to correspondence to and from Russell. Less than a third of the book is devoted to strict autobiography. The early sections are by far the best, both for their illuminating characterizations and for their prose. The later chapters belong to the category of stale political imbroglios, such as the author's controversy with CCNY in 1940. There is nothing quite so stale as stale politics.

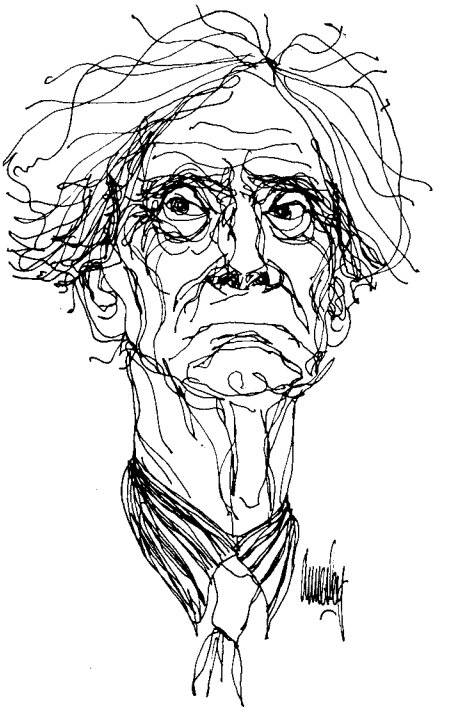
THE COMMENCEMENT of World War I was a watershed in Russell's life. It marked the end of his career as a serious philosopher and inaugurated his career as a left-wing polemicist. "My life before 1910 and my life after 1914," he writes, "were as sharply separated as Faust's life before and after he met Mephistopheles. I underwent a process of rejuvenation. . . ." This rejuvenation, although spurred on by the war, was in fact inspired by his love affair with Lady Constance Malleson, the only woman Russell ever really loved, and the only woman with the spunk to give him a taste of his own infidelity. She sent him into rages of jealousy and prompted him to write a series of embarrassingly adolescent love letters. In the end they parted, not without a good deal of personal rancor.

Russell devoted his all to pacifism, and eventually was sent to prison for his efforts. However, his intellectual qualities and his aristocratic background prevented him from fully accepting the ideological companionship of his colleagues. Musing upon this situation he candidly comments:

> Throughout my life I have longed to feel that oneness with large bodies of human beings that is experienced by the members of enthusiastic crowds. The longing has often been strong enough to lead me into self-deception. I have imagined myself in turn a Liberal, a Socialist, or a Pacifist, but I have never been any of these things. . . . Always the sceptical intellect . . . has whispered doubts to me, has cut me off from the facile enthusiasms of others, and has transported me into a desolate solitude.

This solitude has, on occasion, sent Russell into fits of near religious ecstasy. At times it has even aroused in this great sceptic a longing for what Spinoza called "the intellectual love of God." "I have loved a ghost," he confides,

> and in loving a ghost my inmost self has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection, and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The



> sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God.

Such statements do not serve to excuse his often scandalous behavior, but they do place it in a slightly more comprehensible perspective. He explains away his series of tragic love affairs by remarking that he has never known a woman to whom the claims of intellect were as absolute as they were to him. "Whenever intellect intervened," he concludes, "I have found that the sympathy I sought in love was apt to fail."

WITH THE end of World War I he took his rightful place among the leaders of the British Left. He also began his long affair with Dora Black, who was eventually to become his second wife and the mother of two of his children. Like all leftists in the days immediately after the war, he undertook the ritual pilgrimage to the Soviet Union; but unlike most of his colleagues he was appalled by what he saw. Where most left-wing idealists saw Bolshevism as the glorious wave of the future, Russell recognized it to be "a closed, tyrannical bureaucracy with a spy system more elaborate than the Tzar's and an aristocracy as insolent and unfeeling, composed of Americanized Jews. No basis of liberty remains, in thought or speech or action." He caustically continues: "Imagine yourself governed in every detail by a mixture of Sidney Webb and Rufus Isaacs and you will have a picture of modern Russia." He found the uniformity to be detestable, everything was the same, everything was "equal", everything was dull and gray. Would that Russell had always been as perceptive about politics.

From here on in, the autobiography becomes sketchy and episodic. There is an interesting discussion of his year in China, a country he came to feel very close to. A short chapter is devoted to his marriage with Dora Black. They operated a progressive school together, and Russell wrote two of his worst books, *Marriage Morals* and *The Conquest of Happiness*, during this period. The school appears to have been both an educational and financial failure. He eventually left his second wife and took up with Patricia "Peter" Spence, who was to become his third wife. The book concludes with a very vague account of his activities in America between 1938 and 1944, when he returned to England. Most of this chapter is devoted to his struggle with the authorities of CCNY over his moral fitness to teach young men and his writing of *The History of Western Philosophy*, the book that was to make him financially solvent for the rest of his life.

WHILE THE present volume does not live up to the standards set by the first volume it does contain a number of memorable letters and characterizations. T.S. Eliot (who lived in Russell's home), D. H. Lawrence, George Santayana, Gilbert Murray, and Joseph Conrad are all treated in some detail. Russell's correspondence with the great Ludwig Wittgenstein is witty and revealing, as are Russell's comments (some of which will be familiar to those who have read *Portraits from Memory*) on Wittgenstein's complex personality. Alas, there is no mention of Logical Atomism, which is strange, since it was a major bone of contention between the two philosophers. Remarking that Wittgenstein wrote most of his *Tractatus* in the trenches during World War I, Russell notes that "he was the kind of man who could never have noticed such small matters as burst shells when he was thinking about logic." Wittgenstein emerges as a man very different from Russell: a deeply patriotic war hero, profoundly religious (at least at the time he wrote the *Tractatus*), and a man devoid of common social graces. Whitehead described to Russell his first meeting with Wittgenstein. The young Austrian arrived one day for tea, marched past Mrs. Whitehead, and announced, "A proposition has two poles. It is *apb*." Whitehead mistakenly asked what *a* and *b* were, to which Wittgenstein victoriously thundered: "*a* and *b* are indefinable!"

Russell is now almost ninety-six, and as active as he has ever been on the political front. It has always seemed very sad to me that this once great logician should have abandoned his philosophy for

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Random Notes

■ IN THE NEWS: Claire Sterling, late of the *Reporter*, is in Prague investigating the Czechs' investigation and otherwise digging up material for *The Masaryk Case*, due from Harper early next year. . . . Jean Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge*, already storming Europe in thirteen translations, will be published here in July (Atheneum, $6.95). . . . The deaths of Grissom, Chaffee and White provide the take-off point for an indictment of our whole space program: *Murder on Pad 34* by Erik Bergaust (Putnam, $5.95).

David Frost, of TW3 and half of *The English*, interviewed every possible contender for the Presidency and wrote *The Presidential Debate*, now on press for Stein & Day. . . . Dutton and Praeger, who published competing editions of Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*, had planned to co-publish his new book, *The Cancer Ward;* they dropped it to keep the author out of trouble with his masters. Farrar, however, will go ahead and publish.

■ BOOKS INTO MOVIES: Harold Hecht has bought and will produce Desmond Morris' *The Naked Ape;* he has in the works *The Story of Woodie Guthrie* for United Artists. . . . An independent producer has bought film rights to Thornton Wilder's 1935 novel, *Heaven's My Destination*. . . . Gore Vidal and Robert Fryer will co-produce *Myra Breckenridge*, which Twentieth Century bought for $375,000. Lots of women are interested in playing the "after" half of Myra (it's said Faye Dunaway will get the part), but no men are interested in playing the character before his, or her, transsexual operation.

Tony Richardson will direct Richard Burton in the screen version of Nabokov's *Laughter in the Dark*. . . . Anouk Aimee (not Liz Taylor as once reported) will star in *Justine*, the film of Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*. . . . Wonder why Vince Lombardi and Frank Gifford are taking cameo roles in United Artists' *Paper Lion*. Plimpton's next book is *The Bogey Man*, about his dabble in pro golf.

■ NOTED: C. Northcote has concocted *Mrs. Parkinson's Law*, for Houghton (Fall). . . . John LeCarré has delivered the MS of his new spy tale, *A Small Town in Germany* (Coward-McCann, Fall). . . . For poverty buffs, Dover is issuing a facsimile edition of Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor* (July; 4 vols., $3.50 each).

politics, especially since he was a great philosopher and a bad politician. But, in the long run, his political errors will be forgotten, while his contributions to modern logical analysis will always be remembered. His autobiography, despite the gaps in the second volume, will be read, I believe, as one of the great autobiographies of the twentieth century. Dostoyevsky once wrote that all men have reminiscences which they would not be willing to tell anyone, even close friends. There are other memories, he continued, which a man is afraid to tell even himself, and all men have a number of such things on their minds. Poor, brilliant Lord Russell probably has more than most men. □

Issues That Divide the Church
Edited by Robert G. Hoyt
Macmillan, $4.95

UNRULY CHILDREN OF MOTHER CHURCH

E. H. WALL

In an era in which the *New York Times* would consider it simply a matter of contemporary style to identify Judas Iscariot as "a prominent Catholic layman," one ought not really to be too surprised at the appearance of a book entitled *Issues That Divide the Church*. Very frequently today the Roman Catholic Church seems to be in the position of the woman whose children celebrate their maturity by beating up their mother. Holy Mother Church has, indeed, been putting up with quite a lot from her liberal offspring, and a book bearing so terrible a title seemed to promise simply more of the same fashionable flagellation. But this is a really splendid volume, striking in format, unique in contributors, absorbing in content and subtly instructive on why certain issues are dividing some Catholics from other Catholics within the Church. It is even tragically suggestive of how certain ideas are dividing some Catholics from the Church herself.

The book reproduces a symposium among six nationally known Catholics which was held in Kansas City in January 1967. The discussion was held under the auspices of the liberal newspaper the *National Catholic Reporter*, whose editor, Mr. Hoyt, acted as moderator of the discussion. The six participants were: Archbishop Robert J. Dwyer, Bishop of Portland, Oregon; Father Andrew Greeley, the noted sociologist; Miss (formerly Sister) Jacqueline Grennan, president of Webster College; Dr. George N. Shuster, assistant to the president of the University of Notre Dame; Daniel Callahan, executive director of the liberal Catholic publication *Commonweal*, and his opposite number, L. Brent Bozell, editor of *Triumph*, a magazine of Catholic conservatism.

The bulk of the volume consists of the transcript of the two days of discussion. It is sandwiched in between brief opening papers on the major issues that are dividing Catholics today, and brief closing papers in which the participants discuss the significance of the symposium. Mr. Hoyt adds an epilogue which may be considered his closing paper as moderator.

In terms of issues, this book offers a very full basket. Indeed, it is difficult to think of an issue that is not raised by one or other of the discussants. One is even surprised at some of the issues that are raised—things which one did not consider to be "issues" at all. Here, for example, one thinks specifically of Daniel Callahan's raising orthodoxy itself as an issue and suggesting that Catholics might be permitted to remain in the Church even if they did not accept all the doctrines of the Church. This idea of Catholicism as a sort of doctrinal smorgasbord where one takes what he likes and leaves what he doesn't led Archbishop Dwyer to some probing questions on Mr. Callahan's own doctrinal premises. So probing were the questions, in fact, that at last Mr. Callahan burst out with: "Are you asking me to take a loyalty oath?" Thereafter, or at least so it seemed to this reviewer, the man from *Commonweal* became a kind of brooding Hamlet at the discussion.

MOST articulate of all was L. Brent Bozell, the superbly eloquent and devastatingly logical spokesman for traditional Catholicism. The main issue, asserted Mr. Bozell, is whether the Church shall remain the means to salvation in the next world or simply a philanthropic service agency in this world. In his rejection of the idea of the Church as "the ecclesiastical wing of the Great Society," he was speaking for the vast majority of American Catholics who, quite frankly, belong to the Church

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in order to save their souls, not to serve mankind in any humanistic sense.

Mr. Bozell's delightfully uncompromising position brought him into collision with Father Greeley on the social gospel, with Mr. Callahan and Dr. Shuster on birth control and the Magisterium (the power of the Church to define in a conscience-binding manner truths in the realms of faith and morals), and last but surely not least with Miss Grennan on the question of conscience.

PROBABLY the least logical, albeit the most charming member of the symposium, was Miss Grennan. For her, the main issue was the supremacy of conscience and individual decision-making. One wished that she had said the supremacy of a *rightly formed* conscience and the making of *correct* decisions, for while reading her enthusiastic encomiums on conscience one kept thinking of Adolf Hitler's conscientious decision to send Jews to gas chambers. But perhaps the reviewer has misread Miss Grennan's emphasis here. He certainly hopes that he has.

The discussants were surprisingly unanimous in expressing dissatisfaction with the new vernacular liturgy, although for different reasons. Teilhard de Chardin was put down as an issue in two of the opening papers, but significantly enough was not considered sufficiently important to resurrect in the discussion sessions. Dr. Shuster raised a practical and important issue on the relation of the Magisterium to academic freedom in the Catholic university. One wishes that there had been more discussion of that issue.

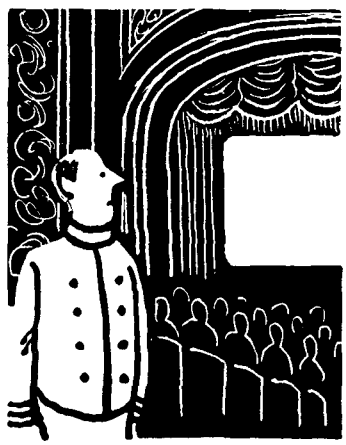
Father Greeley provided the most broadly analytic survey of issues in his opening paper and (certainly from the point of view of Mr. Hoyt, who is probably still reeling from the blast) dropped the largest blockbuster in his final paper where he said: "As a show the symposium was great theater; as a serious dialogue it was a consummate waste of time."

THE REVIEWER respectfully dissents from that judgment, at least in one way. Agreed that insofar as a dialogue on the Catholic Church is an exercise in intellectual gamesmanship, nobody is going to change anybody else's ideas and opinions. But what the symposium does subtly bring home to the reader is precisely the fact that, despite their understandable self-esteem, intellectuals have very little effect on what goes on in the Church, and, with respect to certain intellectuals like Daniel Callahan, cannot have. In his concluding paper, Mr. Callahan notes that he can enjoy jousting with Brent Bozell but simply cannot talk to Archbishop Dwyer. The reviewer suggests that the reason is that the Archbishop is not an intellectual gamesman—and thank God for it. For while intellectuals play their games, archbishops get on with the business of salvation—even, hopefully, the salvation of intellectuals. □

FILM CHRONICLE

RICHARD CORLISS

Charlie Bubbles, Albert Finney's contemporary and fatiguing first effort at acting in and directing a film, has something for everybody but not enough for anybody. The Beckett-Pinter crowd will delight in the pauses-between-pauses that are occasionally pocked with "meaningful" dialogue. Students of film arcana will note that the film's musical theme is a sour restatement of a song from *Citizen Kane.* Acolytes of Antonioni will recognize the blank



walls, stares and souls from the maestro's most mordant movies. Devotees of minor British films will be pleased to find Yootha Joyce, a Cockney caricature for most of her reel life, speaking perfect Received Standard British, and Billie Whitelaw, the poor skinny drudge in *No Love for Johnnie,* blossoming forth as washed-out writer Charlie Bubbles' over-ripe but undernourished wife. Fellini fans will discover a denouement as hokey as *8½*'s (*Charlie Bubbles* could, in fact, be called *Finney's ½*), although Fellini's bathetic brio is missing.

But what about the disaffiliated viewer? Is he given any chance to understand the eponymous anti-hero? Not really. For a start, he hardly says anything; Finney gives Charlie as few lines and as many solemn grimaces as any leading film character since *Johnny Belinda.* We can see that his writing career has come to a full stop: meetings with the other writer, his wife and son, acquaintances old and new, all offer nothing to Charlie, and Charlie offers nothing to them. Finney seems to have taken acting lessons from the sponge that appeared in all his early kitchen-sink films. On the theory that the less a film implies, the more a critic infers, the film has received glowing notices. But if you've been led to think that *Charlie* bubbles, be warned: it's as flat as last year's shampoo.

Finney's film, so dull to see or write about, typified the languor of movie-going this winter—but then, not much was happening elsewhere, in books, in the theater, or in the newspapers. Suddenly, at the first threat of spring, things started exploding, and the season brought Jean-Luc Godard's and Luis Buñuel's best films. Buñuel's *Belle de Jour,* his third color film and umpteenth comedy, is an easily identifiable instant classic. Buñuel has long been in favor with the social-consciousness film critics and historians who found his simplistic pessimism more "realistic" than the simplistic optimism of the average Hollywood director, and his cinematic style—rough as a hairshirt, when any style could be detected—preferable to Hollywood's assembly-line lace brocade.

Actually, Buñuel's films are quite similar, in intent if not execution, to those of the Dream Factory's master machinist, Alfred Hitchcock. Both directors affect indifference to their actors, both have been content to work on commissioned films that hold only monetary interest for them, and both will sacrifice almost anything in order to frighten an audience: shock for shock's sake. Hitchcock achieves shock through use of the conventional "suspense film" genre; Buñuel uses the conventional "message film" genre. Often the results are trashy (for examples from their recent films, Hitchcock's *North By Northwest* and *Torn Curtain,* Buñuel's *The Exterminating Angel* and *Diary of a Chambermaid*) but sometimes, because of a good script, good actors working on their own characterizations, good luck and, to be sure, above-average work by the director, the results are stunning. *Psycho* is Hitchcock's great film; *Belle de Jour* is Buñuel's.

In this story of a devoted young wife who sells, or rents, her body (pseudonymously labeled Belle de Jour) to increase her ardor for her husband, Buñuel shows a sense of nuance not evident in his earlier commendable picture, *Viridiana,* which was pie-in-the-face-of-the-viewer all the way. His camera-work here is adequate, often exemplary. The soundtrack is masterful; the anti-naturalistic use of sleigh bells, whistling wind and cat-calls is heightened by the absence of a musical score—which makes a sad and lovely flamenco-type number, sung by a murderous-looking gangster, seem unnatural, even surreal. And the acting, especially by Genevieve Page, as Belle de Jour's iniquitous den mother, and Michel Piccoli, as the suave, ever-so-depraved instrument of Belle's destruction, is marvelous. Catherine Deneuve (Belle), Macha Meril (an acquaintance) and Pierre Clementi (a client) also shine. For the paragraphists Buñuel offers his usual festival of fetishes (insects, mud, whips and feet); for the monographists there's a shifting between illusion and reality. And for the historians, there's a scene in which Buñuel himself fleetingly appears—just like, uh. . . .

LA CHINOISE, Godard's second-latest film, is not quite so easy to assign to the vaults of cinematic immortality. Godard has always been a journalist in the Stendhalian sense, a pollster of the Zeitgeist, and while his films often make fine first impressions,

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they tend to look obvious and haphazard after a few years—just as the collected writings of James Reston or Rex Reed seem, in hard-cover, unworthy of being preserved there. (Godard's first feature, the 1959 *Breathless,* now seems valuable for the performances of Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg, and not for the elliptical frenzy of the director's style.)

But, in the context of film-as-sophisticated-and-slanted-newsreel, *La Chinoise* is really choice. It describes the making of a film about a cell of young Maoists in today's—or the last few months'—Paris. The would-be-Chinese girl of the title tries to convince her mates to blow something up; but unlike the protagonists of *Blow-Up* (he just wanted to enlarge a photograph) and *Charlie Bubbles* (he wanted to expand a balloon for a planned escape from "reality), La Chinoise wants to blow up the Sorbonne. She finally settles for a Russian diplomat, shoots him . . . oops, she got the wrong fellow . . . goes back to try again. The voice of relative moderation belongs to a young actor, her boy friend, who at first dominates La Chinoise and *La Chinoise,* but gradually becomes irrelevant as the cell plans activist tactics that aren't theatrical enough for his tastes. Guillaume Meister (for that is his name) also possesses the only sense of humor in the group—understandably, since he is the only member used to "performing" in a "film," but this does suggest that Godard is having fun with the New Left's overriding seriousness of purpose.

When *La Chinoise* was released in Europe last fall, it probably impressed as a sympathetic study of young radicalism. Since then it has acquired the tinge of prophecy. Students haven't blown up the Sorbonne (they've simply closed it for the first time in seven hundred years), but they have lit the fuse that made France explode, and wars of academic liberation have been declared in most other Western countries. At this writing, Godard has not yet been appointed to succeed André Malraux as Minister of Cultural Affairs (Malraux's niece is Anne Wiazemsky, who plays La Chinoise and is married to Godard), and, actually, the appointment is probably not imminent, for in this film he has sucked much of the New Left's force out of the bodies of its adherents, and made them look sad, silly and—worst of all—idealists rather than activists. The new rulers might not react kindly to a filmmaker who is half Nostradamus and half Nosferatu. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

CRISIS IN CREDIBILITY, *by Bruce Ladd (New American Library, $5.50).* April 17, 1968, press conference. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall speaks in response to a question about the possibility of a Poor People's Campaign setting up shop on public lands: "I would think that our National Parks area—we have the local park system here [Washington, D.C.]—are parks for the use of all the people, and that we should follow the policies we always have. We have marches in parks and we have different kinds of activities in parks. But I think we are not—it would not be proper to turn parklands over to any group of people for permanent or temporary use for any kind of human shelter of any kind." May 10, press release from the Department of Interior: "The National Park Service today issued a permit to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference allowing the installation of tents, which will accommodate a maximum of 3,000 persons." Such is the stuff of which credibility gaps are made. In this first full-length study of the subject, Bruce Ladd (a special assistant to Republican Congressman Don Rumsfeld of Illinois) discusses the scope of secrecy, news management and lying on the part of the U.S. Government, starting with the censorship imposed by FDR during World War II and continuing through HST, Ike, JFK and, of course, that paradigm of perfidy, the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. To the big question, can anything be done about the crisis in credibility, Ladd offers several suggestions: a bolstering of Congress' independent sources of information, e.g. increasing the authority of the General Accounting Office to keep tabs on the Executive branch of government; a more didactic use of the appropriations process by Congress to show the Executive that cooperation is a two-way street; and a beefing up of the minority party's committee staffing so that it might more effectively play the adversary role that is so vital to a two-party system. The book is a disturbing book. It is disturbing to know that when the occasion warrants it, our Government has no aversion to lying. But then it would be even more disturbing not to know it. J. D. LOFTON JR.

BURDEN OF EMPIRE: AN APPRAISAL OF WESTERN COLONIALISM IN AFRICA SOUTH OF THE SAHARA, *by L. H. Gann and Peter Duignan (Praeger, $8.50).* The Hoover Institution publications on international Communism are widely respected and their African Program will maintain the same level of excellence, to judge from this book. The appraisal of the subtitle is cool. The isms—colonialism, imperialism, Pan-Africanism, neocolonialism, Communism, African socialism—are cleanly dissected. African history—precolonial, colonial, and postcolonial—is reviewed without ideological prejudice. It is in short a scholarly book. A dull book, then? Decidedly not. "The new rulers," observe the authors "were asked to honor political checks which they had endorsed during the independence struggle as against the postcolonial future. . . . After the completion of the nationalist victory, many of these checks began to bounce." Why the checks bounced is an engrossing story, unravelled here in all its complexity. E. B. MEYER

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN REAL TROUBLE?

Yes, says author Joseph Boyle in his now-famous article, "The Catholic Plot against the Catholic Church." The very idea may scandalize you (whether you're Catholic or non-Catholic) but Mr. Boyle makes such a strong case you can't ignore it—or put it down once you've started to read it!

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

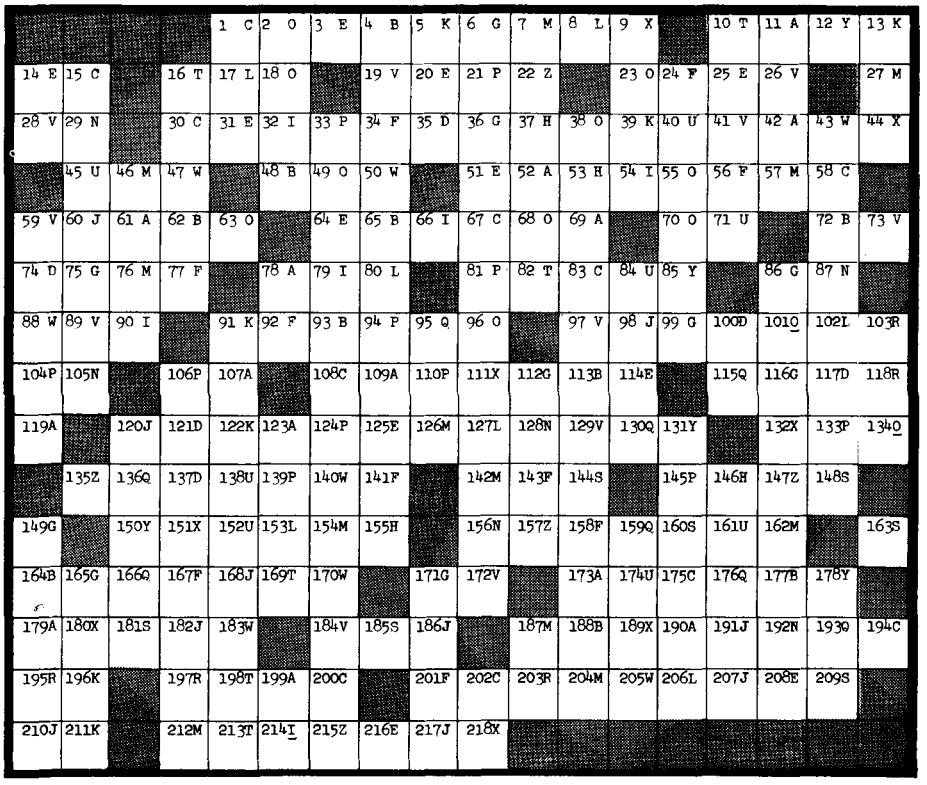
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. This is supported by Private Enterprise	42 11 52 61 69 78 173 179 190 199 107 109 119 123
B. This is more effective against an enemy than an admonition	72 48 93 65 113 62 164 4 188 177
C. This must originate in the House, but you and I will pay it	108 15 175 194 202 30 58 67 83 200 1
D. Released from, or not subject to, an obligation, liability, etc.	117 121 100 74 35 137
E. These words have a double meaning in baseball or the jungles	125 3 20 31 208 216 14 25 51 64 114
F. Exercises that many collegians eschew for more violent ones	141 34 56 167 201 24 77 92 143 158
G. HOP A CRAB, IO! (unscramble)	149 6 36 75 99 116 171 86 112 165
H. People who cannot support the government without help from the middle class	155 37 53 146
I. They cover more territory than footmen or yardmen	54 214 32 66 90 79
J. HEED CAR TAX! (unscramble)	186 98 182 207 210 60 120 217 191 168
K. This will cause a ball to rotate forward	196 211 122 91 13 39 5
L. Two books of the Bible bear his name	206 102 8 17 127 153 80

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. What the Communists sold their birthright for	212 7 27 46 142 162 154 57 76 126 187 204
N. Antagonism	29 192 156 128 105 87
O. What Truman said Fulbright was (part that can be quoted)	2 38 55 63 68 101 18 23 49 70 96 134
P. This must be sharp for effective writing	81 33 104 124 139 21 94 106 110 133 145
Q. A liquid preparation used for sprains, bruises, etc.	95 159 130 176 193 136 166 115
R. King of Northumbria, 617-633	103 203 197 118 195
S. To gleam faintly	163 185 181 160 148 209 144
T. A type of religious house	10 169 198 82 213 16
U. Remote; what some politicians practice	71 161 138 40 45 174 84 152
V. Where a certain game is two-thirds over	59 19 41 73 172 184 28 89 129 26 97
W. DENY RUTH (unscramble)	88 183 47 140 170 43 205 50
X. A postage stamp with a gummed back	132 44 180 218 111 151 189 9
Y. A character in Hamlet that is heard but not seen	178 150 12 131 85
Z. Moral wrongs	147 215 157 22 135

See page 669 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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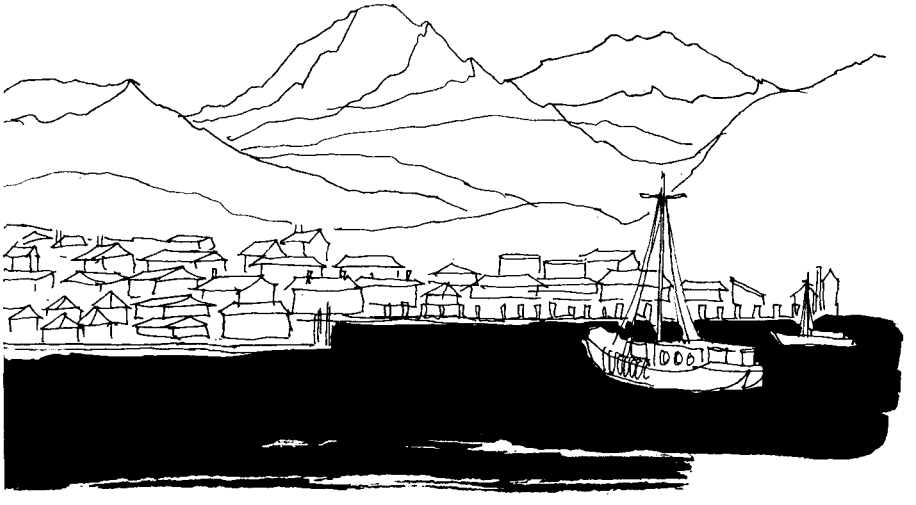
DELECTATIONS

THE GREEK ISLAND BIT

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

PIRAEUS. Is the port just down from Athens, a five-dollar taxi-ride, and it is from Piraeus that one generally sets out to see the Greek islands, and to write about them, which is the resolve of practically everybody who sets out from Piraeus by boat. The writer-traveler is, alas, usually poetry-struck. Even real poets overdo it (or is it, in the case of Kazantzakis, the translator? Or, better, the untranslatability?). *"The sea simmered and reeked of rotten watermelon, tomatoes bobbed on the swell, mustachioed men cracked sunflower seeds and spat far in the direction of the water."* You can do that sort of thing all along the Greek Islands if you choose, but it takes a very, very sensitive nose, one which for instance will pick up the reek of rotten watermelon, which has no reek: but you can usually get away with it, see *Holiday*. If you are more ambitious, you will infuse primeval meaning into your observations, as Kazantzakis of course did (in a way, he was like Mailer, who decocts matters of the first philosophical magnitude from an examination of his own ordure, and I am not talking about his books), e.g. you cannot travel in the Pelopponese, or better, Kazantzakis cannot travel in the Pelopponese, without concluding such things as that *"spiritual and ethical decency, the priceless bashfulness of youth, the sacred 'down' of spiritual purity, finds shelter only in the provinces. In a great city the child is born without this down, his eyes and ears are soon corrupted, and this precocious maturity deforms his soul."* This of course may be true; and it doesn't seem to matter at all that on the other hand it may just not be true. Or you can stage-set your way to mythological cadenzas on any pretext. The weather turns. So? *"The old Olympian god was toying* with *his worshippers, in daylight he was Zeus Agoraios, supervising commerce so that blankets and brassware and horses and pigs would sell well; but last night he had secretly rounded up the clouds, to see mortals sopped and shrieking, and to pass his time. Zeus became Jupiter Pluvius and came down to earth. . . ."* etc.

But the Islands of the Aegean, unpretentious, and unpretentiously viewed, are altogether absorbing. That they were the *mise en scène* for great happenings in Western history does not itself endow them with beauty or tranquillity or, even, mystery; any more than the haunted corridor leading off the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is beautiful or tranquil or mysterious. But some of the islands are beautiful by almost any measure, some of them are arrestingly tranquil, and a few are all three; and it is greatly worth the visitor's time and attention to see and determine for himself, see the island almost deserted; one where perhaps the greatest spiritual-maritime community arose; another kept clean and busy and functional by fishermen who seem to have a highly functional notion of the need for consistency in order to achieve architectural repose; the swinging port with grandmamosaic shops and churches and boats and tavernas; the grotto where John (the local literature call him "the Theologue") wrote his sublime Gospel before returning to Ephesus (it was there that we puzzled over the Turkish ticket-seller's comment, "Kinnedy —Kaput!"—the awful meaning of which we knew two hours later on reaching the boat). Our route—and ratings (merely suggestive, and weighted so as to include, more or less equally, historical glamor, and pleasantness of the natural and architectural surroundings): Kea (**), Delos (****), Mikonos (***), Fourni (*) Samos (****), Ephesus (*****), Patmos (****), Amorgos (***), Ios (****), Naxos (*), Paros (***), Santorini (***), Sifnos (*), Serifos (**), Hydra (****), Poros (***).



There are very good ferry facilities to get you around the Aegean but of course there is no substitute for your own boat, which can be inexpensive but usually isn't, and the mobility you thus achieve. Many of the islands have ferry service only once or twice a week, so that the adventurer who gets off and decides after an hour or two that the old Olympian god overtoyed with *this* island, and made quite a muck of it, might find no means of getting out for s-i-x days, so that if you are such, you had better bring along *War And Peace*, the *Forsyte Saga*, and *Ulysses*. The medium-priced alternative is to tour the islands aboard one of the live-in passenger cruising ships, which make deliberate stops at most of the islands, but move on before the passenger with the lowest threshhold of boredom is likely to fret.

THE VERY BEST WAY is on your own *sail*boat. It is for another occasion to explain the difference, for those few who do not know it, between the pleasures that are had from going from one place to another by sail, and under power. Hilaire Belloc disdained any motor power at all in his *Nonah*, and that categorical proscription, in contemporary judgment, my own included, is foolish under contemporary circumstances. You need power when you need power; but you should not need power when you have a feisty beam wind gusting at 20 knots. We did—notwithstanding the mockery of the 80-foot spars. Though meaty, they were there for decoration, it transpired. Misleading, even to an old, but irrepressibly innocent, salt. If you desire to *sail* around the Islands, make very careful inquiries. If your boat is to be biggish enough for six or eight people, save a lot of money (say $50 per person per day), and, by the way, seek to ascertain the credentials of the cook. If you are unaware what sort of way your vessel will make under sail, demand a warranty and write it into the contract. And then go off, and sail about these islands, poor, scrawny, white, history-laden, contented, calloused, irresistible, unforgettable. □

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (June 18)

ROSE L. MARTIN, FABIAN FREEWAY:

Perhaps more than any other American, Frankfurter helped to establish the fiction that it is somehow unconstitutional and un-American for the United States to take measures to defend itself against individuals or groups pledged to destroy it.

HERBERG

(cont. from p. 656)

losing its last regional lodgments. What was the assassination of Martin Luther King? Was it an ideological murder, the act of a mad old-line "white supremacy" fanatic? Or was it the act of someone determined to "take the law into his own hands" in the face of what he imagined was the criminal tolerance, or even connivance, of the authorities? Now that we have the alleged assailant under arrest we will soon find out.

How about the first type of political assassination, the European, or continental, type? Let us first recognize two things, of vital importance for the understanding of our national life. First, we are the most ethnically heterogeneous country the world has ever seen, the product, within two quick centuries, of a *Völkerwanderung* immensely greater than the barbarian invasions ever were. Under American conditions, the large ethnic groups that compose our people, no matter how thoroughly Americanized, and especially in the Americanized "third generation," look with a strong bond of nostalgic sentiment each to his own "old country." (American Negroes, until recently, did not have, and did not want to have, their "old country"; now they, or at least a vocal minority of them, have acquired one — "Africa"!) But all this means that every foreign quarrel becomes in some sense an American quarrel. Remember the Irish Americans in the nineteenth century who made this country into the main resource in their struggle against the English ascendancy; they even staged an abortive invasion of Canada from our soil. Remember, too, that the Czechoslovakian Republic was proclaimed from Pittsburgh. And so on. Because of the thoroughgoing ethnic heterogeneity of the American people, every occasion for dissension and hatred in Europe or the Near East only too easily becomes an American quarrel, and a conceivable motive for a political assassination.

But there is another factor operating in the same direction that is even more significant. The United States, in this century, has become an imperial nation. Nothing that happens anywhere on the surface of the globe can leave American national interests unaffected. There are no longer any "foreign" quarrels in the isolated sense: every foreign quarrel is, potentially at least, an American quarrel. The neo-isolationists, mostly of the liberal persuasion, may be expressive of a good deal of American sentiment, but it is all a futile attempt to beat back the sea. Is the Jordanian grievance, or the Israeli cause, not an American issue? What on earth is not?

So, the prospects are that what I have been calling the European, or Continental, type of political assassination is not going to fade away by itself. In fact, European, or Continental, is no longer the appropriate name for it. Deep ethnic heterogeneity has made what is European into essentially American; and America's new imperial role makes what is essentially American into European, Asiatic, global. And that is not because any alleged deep "primal curse" of violence fixed on our blood (Schlesinger), but because of the very structure of American life and the imperial role of the United States in the world of today. We need not have any more political assassinations (although we not unprobably will); we will have to look to our security and police arrangements for that. But the tensions out of which political assassinations come are bound to grow and multiply.

I have been told that this conclusion reflects a bleak and pessimistic outlook on the world. So it does. But if you want a happy, optimistic outlook, you should have made arrangements to be born in some other place and some other century. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 635)

fifteen of them so that I can generally understand the NATIONAL REVIEW. (I like the mental exercises it induces—I really do.)

Now in Webster's New International Dictionary, p. 2978, a zamindari (no final *y*) is the land of a Zamindar who is defined further, "Now usually a kind of feudatory recognized as an actual proprietor so long as he pays the government a fixed revenue . . ." Could it be Kenner meant he was paying his taxes?

Zionsville, Ind. BLOOR SCHLEPPEY

Could be. —ED.

Lurleen Wallace

Your remarks about Governor Lurleen Wallace of Alabama [May 21] were in abominable taste. Eschewing the many things you could have said about Lurleen Wallace, you should have shown the grace simply to have kept quiet.

By contrast, on the same page was a beautiful tribute by Russell Kirk to my friend, the late Donald Davidson.

Nashville, Tenn. LAMBETH C. MAYES

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FOR THE RECORD

■ It's said **Teddy Kennedy** told his associates, day after the funeral, "We've got to help **Hubert** get elected." . . . Talk goes on of a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket — but pol-watchers can't help noticing that Democratic National Committee assigned Texas delegation to best available hotel rooms; can't help wondering about possibility of a Humphrey-**Connally** ticket. . . . Speaking of Texas: libdems there may bolt party again (as in 1966, when they helped elect conservative Republican **John Tower** to Senate), vote for Republican **Paul Eggers** for governor instead of their party's man, conservative Lt. Gov. **Preston Smith**, who edged very liberal **Don Yarborough** in June 1 primary. . . . Battle shaping up for **Thomas Kuchel**'s post as minority whip, between **Hugh Scott** (Pa.), another liberal, and conservative **Roman Hruska** (Nebr.). . . . Peacenik **Allard Lowenstein**, who claims to have talked **Eugene McCarthy** into running, upset machine candidate and won Democratic nomination to the House from N.Y. 5th District (Nassau County). . . . Another dove, actor **Gary Merrill**, ran a poor, poor third in Maine GOP House primary.

■ Raised Eyebrows: Poor People's Campaign paid $1,500 to Southern Railway to ship those **mules and wagons** to Washington for Solidarity Day march June 19. . . . One campaign side-effect: **tourists** stayed away in droves; Drew Pearson reports Greyhound alone canceled $200,000 worth of trips to D.C. this spring. . . . Home folks kept to the suburbs, too: Restaurants in the capital report a "serious depression" ever since riots after **King** assassination, with after-dark business down as much as 50 per cent. . . . Plan now is to start "Poor People's University" in Resurrection City, teaching nonviolence, Marxist economics, etc; faculty to include **Michael Harrington**, **David Dellinger**, **Harry Belafonte**, **Joan Baez**. Students won't be poor folk, but collegians recruited from Solidarity Day marchers. . . . Lest they forget, **welfare officials** in several states got letters from HEW reminding them that recipients "temporarily absent" while participating in Poor People's Campaign must continue to receive checks from back home; to be sent "c/o SCLC" if no other address is available.

Daily Telegraph, London — Ben Roth Agency

■ **Rose Bucher**, wife of Cdr. Lloyd, is leading nationwide "Remember the *Pueblo*" campaign; goal is to distribute 1 million bumper stickers (Box 9796, San Diego, Calif. 92109). . . . Another campaigner: **Liz Taylor** (a British citizen) paid for full-page *N.Y. Times* "ban-the-gun" ad in wake of RFK assassination. . . . **Miriam Makeba** (Mrs. **Stokely Carmichael**) signed to do singing commercials for Coca-Cola—to pay for that $70,000 estate on Washington's Gold Coast? . . . Newest target of Red Guard wall posters: American-born Peking-resident, agrarian reformin "imperialist agent" **Anna Louise Strong** 83, close friend of Chairman Mao fo three decades.

■ Because he's about to be in jail, **Ra Brown** is out as head of SNCC; nev "program secretary" is **Philip Hutch ings**, long active in Newark black pro tests. . . . Still no sign of the *Dail World*, Marxist paper originally sched uled to supplant ailing, semi-weekly *Worker* on May 1. Subs and ads still being sold, but where's the paper? . . . Guess who, **Wilfred Burchett** (creator of the "germ-warfare" hoax in Korean war) is covering the Paris peace talks. . . . Mark your calendar: Next (ninth) Communist-led World Youth Festival set for Sofia, Bulgaria July 28-August 6. . . . Cuban news agency quotes Columbia SDSer **Mark Rudd** as paraphrasing Che Guevara: "We must create two, three, many Columbias."

■ Hushed up: Decision, at recent conclave of National Association of Broadcasters, to edit out all "offensive" appearances of Negroes in old movies. Goodbye, **Stepin Fetchit**; goodbye, **Hattie McDaniel**. . . . **Galo Plaza Lasso**, new secretary-general of OAS, wants the organization to buy him a six-bedroom house with stable, pool and 7½ acres, for $170,000. . . . UN Staff Council, representing the world proletariat, called boycott of all eating facilities at headquarters (even sandwich machines) to protest rising prices.

■ Headline in SDS' *New Left Notes*: YALE PROF SAYS '. . . MCCARTHY IS CRAZY AND STUPID.' What Prof. **Robert Wyman** really says, in letter below: "This is my last contribution to you. Your opposition to McCarthy is crazy and stupid."

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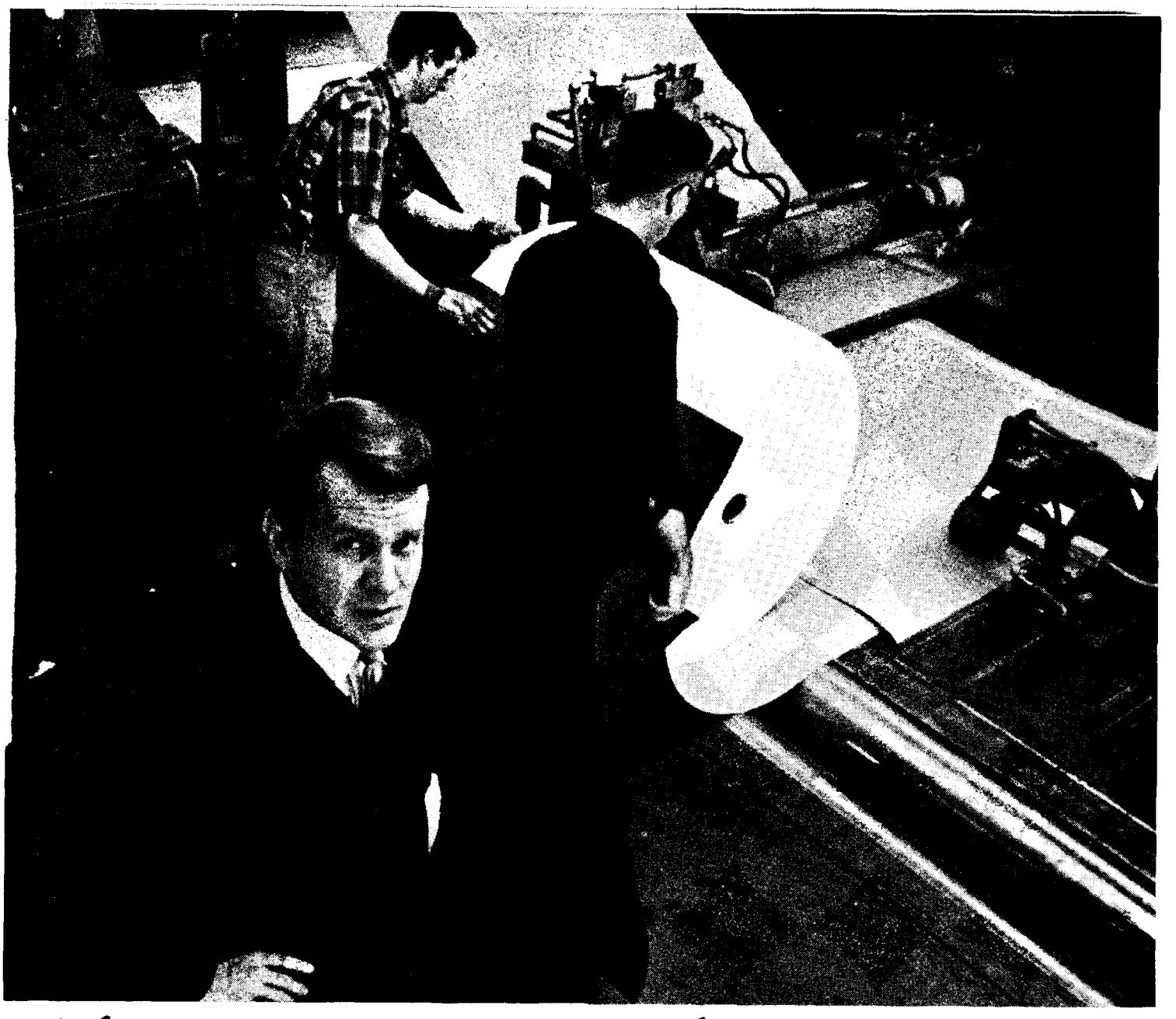

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